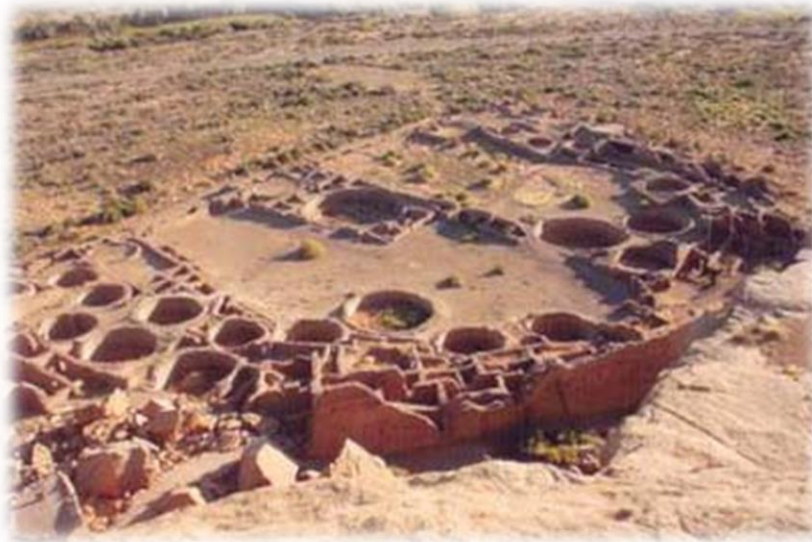


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THE MYSTERY OF THE ANASAZI CIVILIZATION



**SURPRISING EVIDENCE OF THE SPIRITUAL
AND ASTRONOMICAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE
MYSTERIOUS ANASAZI CIVILIZATION OF THE
REMOTE AMERICAN CANYONS**

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

TABLE OF CONTENTS	3
INTRODUCTION	4
CORONADO	6
FAJADA BUTTE.....	14
HUNGO PAVI	24
PUEBLO BONITO	32
CHETRO KETL.....	42
PUEBLO DEL ARROYO.....	51
KIN KLETSO.....	60
ANASAZI ROADS.....	67
AZTEC	75
THE GREAT KIVA.....	85
MESA VERDE.....	94
MESA VERDE ASTRONOMERS.....	103
THE ANAZAZI’S LEAP TO TOTAL FREEDOM ...	114
THE WATCHTOWERS OF HOVENWEEP.....	124
AN INDIAN SKY ABOVE ARIZONA	133
THE MESSAGES OF THE HOPI.....	143
CANYON DE CHELLY	152
WHITE HOUSE.....	163
THE CIRCLE IS CLOSED.....	173
MEETING AGAIN WITH MELVIN	180
THE ACIO	187
THE CAVE	194
THE “ANCIENT ARROW” PROJECT	201
INDEX OF NAMES AND CONCEPTS	210

INTRODUCTION

The surface of the Earth over the last two million years provides evidence of the occurrence of eighteen ice ages, each lasting about a hundred thousand years. Between them there were short periods of warming, which lasted no more than twelve thousand years. Those were the times when new life cycles would begin. Life blossomed, the planet turned green, and the sounds of various living beings could be heard almost everywhere.

We are now at the end of one such a temporary warm period which began 11,500 years ago. We are rapidly approaching another ice age. Climate changes will intensify, cold regions will become even colder, warm regions even warmer. Another cycle will come to an end. The current dominant civilization will come to an end and it will take many generations before another cycle starts over from the beginning.

The thread which connects the civilizations of various warm periods will be lost. Or it may survive here and there through oral tradition or perhaps some written documents. Then, it will become a legend which will, in time, be dissolved in the realm of myth and imagination.

Will our distant descendants know about us or will they think that they are the “first intelligent civilization on Earth”, just as we proudly imagine ourselves to be in our own ignorance? Will they be able to appreciate the variety and spirituality which we seem to be incapable of comprehending? Looking toward the future, we shall talk about the past. Not a particularly distant past. Specifically, a people who arose at the same time when we ourselves did. And who shared one small part of our planet. And about whom a lot has been forgotten, almost as if they had never existed.

Not much has been left behind by them except for some ruins of buildings, structures used for astronomy, an occasional glyph carved into stone and an occasional legend told by those who came long after this people had departed.

Three hundred years is not a long time for a civilization. In fact, by strictly scientific standards it would be difficult to talk about this as a “civilization”. Especially since we do not have any reliable data about where they came from and there are no written documents describing what they knew. Also, it is still a mystery as to why they abandoned their homes, never again to return.

Their cities have been named by denominations which we have given them. We do not know what names they themselves gave them. The purpose of certain strange structures is something we can only guess at. This is the challenge of this book: To bring to the surface at least some small part of the knowledge of those who are no longer here from the depths of cosmic history.

So that it should not be forgotten. We call them the “Anasazi”.

CORONADO

Albuquerque, New Mexico

I arrive by plane in Albuquerque, a city of half a million inhabitants. A third of the population of this spacious but sparsely populated state of New Mexico is located here. The Rent-a-car agencies of American airports are no longer inside the terminal buildings. This is probably due to the terrorism factor. The shuttle bus drives me a few kilometers outside the airport. The AVIS formalities take only a few minutes. The key is already in the ignition of the Santa Fe Hyundai sports car.

The sunny morning and the wide freeway keep me company for the beginning of my visit to the world of the Anasazi and four federal states: New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Arizona.

“A new life is born. A baby is crying in the small room with stone walls. It is sitting on a blanket. Next to the baby is an ear of corn (“Mother Maize”) which is not moved from here for the next twenty days. The baby remains in the dark for that time. Early in the morning of the twentieth day, the mother picks up the child, holding him on her left arm, picks up the ear of corn with her right hand. She nods toward her mother, the baby's grandmother... and they leave the house heading east. They pause, praying quietly, and begin breaking off the grains of corn, throwing them toward the setting Sun. When the Sun has risen to its full width on the horizon, the mother steps forward, lifts her child toward the Sun and says: “Father Sun, this child belongs to You...”

The name the Anasazi had for themselves is unknown to us. Several hundred years after their departure, large numbers of Navaho Indians came from the north (from Canada) and seeing the remains of their buildings they gave the builders the name Anasazi (“ancient people” or, in another translation, “enemies of our forefathers”).

Modern history makes the phenomenon of the Anasazi fit very nicely into the framework. They mention three phases of evolution: the first from 2,000 years ago and the time of the first nomads, the second from about 600 A.D. and the first settlements built underground and finally, the third, most developed phase of the building of stone cities from the 10th to the 13th century.

Without any explanation, their cities, spread out over an enormous extent of territory, were abandoned all at the same time in the 13th century. The dominant theory is that migration occurred in two directions: to the southwest (to Arizona, the location of the present-day Hopi, who claim the Anasazi as their ancestors) and to the southeast (where there are 19 tribes of Pueblo Indians in New Mexico).

However, there is a slight problem here because of the great gap between the time of the disappearance of the Anasazi civilization and the appearance of the Pueblo Indians.

From among the rare written documents which were found in an untouched city of the Anasazi, we learn much from the pen of the rancher, Al Wetherill, who visited the Mesa Verde canyon in 1882.

“The things in the rooms were left as if their owners had gone off to visit someone. Perfect examples of vases and dishes were neatly arranged on the floor; household tools were in the places where the women last used

them... evidence of children playing and places where the men met, the ashes in the hearth which had burned so long ago... There was no evidence of violence. It seemed like we could almost see these people around us. To watch them working in the fields while the dogs were barking and the turkeys gobbling; women grinding corn and preparing the day's meal and children playing near the house.

It seemed like I was visiting the sacred soil of the peaceful homes of a people that had long ago ceased to exist..."

The drive is a comfortable one. I make a stop at a Taco Bell. There are some school children in the restaurant. The faces of Indians. This makes me realize that I am now in the Sandia Pueblo reservation. In the parking lot, there is an Indian of about fifty, with long hair, hitchhiking. Before I open the car door, I ask him where he is headed. "To San Ysidro, and from there by bus to Farmington." Since I am planning to spend the night somewhere around Farmington, I offer him a lift. "But," I warn him, "we will get there late in the evening, because I'm stopping in Coronado and spending some time in the Chaco Canyon."

He looks me over as if he is wondering whether he really wants to be traveling in my company. Then he nods, mentioning that he has two days before his meeting in Farmington. "Melvin," he says, introducing himself. "I am a Santa Ana Pueblo Indian interpreter. The day after tomorrow, there is a meeting of the representatives of the Pueblo, the Utah, the Navaho, and the Apache."

I am thinking that we are going to have an interesting conversation during our trip together.

The sun's rays reflected off the shining armor of three hundred horsemen who were proudly parading around the main square of Mexico City. They were led by their Captain Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. He had been waiting for this moment for the last two years, since he was appointed in 1538 by Mendoza as governor of the Nueva Galicia province. He was recalling all the things he knew about the land to the north of the colonial Mexico known as New Spain...

When the Muslims conquered Portugal in 714 A.D. seven Catholic bishops had, with their followers, fled across the Atlantic to a land known as Antilia where they founded seven cities. With time, tales began to circulate that these towns (known as "Cibole") were full of gold, silver, and diamonds.

After the shipwreck of their boat in the Gulf of Mexico and eight years of wandering through the uncharted territory of present-day Texas and northern Mexico, three Spaniards and Esteban of North Africa finally arrived in Mexico City in 1536. They told the city leaders of how they had heard stories of "great cities whose streets were full of goldsmiths, many-storied buildings, and stone gates decorated with precious gems."

The Spanish King expressed a special interest in these legends and in 1539 he sent an expedition to check them out. Esteban served as a guide, and the friar Marcos de Nica was the representative of the crown. The first encounter of the expedition with the Zuni Indians in the small town of Havikuh resulted in the slaughter of Esteban and his followers. Friar Marcos returned to Mexico City and announced the existence of "golden cities, the smallest of which was larger than Mexico City."

Now General Coronado returned in earnest. He continued to wave to the throngs gathered on the main square. After greeting the Viceroy, the royal

representative in New Spain, a column with mounted men with banners, a thousand black slaves and Indians, a thousand horses and flocks of sheep, cows, and mules carrying supplies departed Mexico City. Coronado imagines himself as a glorious conqueror after his return following the discovery of the seven golden cities of Cibola. Covered in glory and wealth, he would steal the limelight from the popularity of Cortés and Pizarro.

“All nineteen Pueblo tribes are located within a radius of 350 miles,” Melvin tells me. “The Santa Ana, my tribe, are off to the right here” (and he points through his window). Next come the Zia, the Hemez, the Kochiti, the Santo Domingo... Behind us (and he turns to point out the back window) is the Sandia tribe. And over there (he points behind me) are the Laguna, Akoma and Tohadjili...

“What takes you to Farmington? What kind of meeting have you got?” I ask.

“We have sued the United States government for not protecting us from the corporation which is taking Uranium from our territory and not paying the agreed price,” he answers.

“You said you were an interpreter for your tribe. Is there really a need nowadays for that?”

“It is, to some extent, a relic of the past. But our tradition is a very strong one, and we work hard to maintain it despite the fact that there are only a few hundred of us left. And besides, we all speak differently among the different Pueblo tribes. Similarly, the Apache, Utah, and Navaho have completely different languages. So translation is important for communication among ourselves. How about you? What brings you to New Mexico?”

“I’m doing research on the Anasazi,” I answer.

“What do you know about them?”

“Well, I know that you Pueblo claim them as your ancestors,” I say with a questioning look to see what his reaction will be.

“Yes, the Anasazi are our ancestors,” he responds with a body language that shows he is giving this some serious thought.

Coronado and his expedition followed the San Pedro River (entering the present-day USA). He conquered the Havikuh and defeated the Zuni Indians. However, he did not find any cities made of gold. He continued to the northeast, attacking Indian settlements (“pueblos”), lost soldiers and slaves and ran out of food. He went through Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas. Nowhere did he find the legendary Cibola cities. He decided to return. Two years after his glorious departure in 1540, he returned to Mexico City empty-handed and with only some one hundred soldiers. The expedition was declared a failure.

On the right-hand side of the road there is a granite marker that says: “Coronado, State Monument.” I interrupt my conversation with Melvin to park the car in front of the museum building. He says he’ll wait for me on a bench in the shade.



Photo 1: Entrance to the ancient Indian settlement of Kuaua in the Coronado National Park, New Mexico.

This was once the Kuaua pueblo, a settlement of 1,200 rooms. In September, 1540, most of General Coronado's army was occupied with the battle with the Zuni and Akoma, but a scouting unit came to this valley. They behaved brutally toward the inhabitants and there were skirmishes.

Some documents say that Coronado spent the entire winter here, but archeological evidence does not confirm this.

From the museum the road leads to the very humble remains of the ruins of the town and a replica of one room and one “kiva” (the spiritual center of the settlement). If this settlement was built in the 15th century, or only 300 years after the appearance of the Anasazi, this is only a very pale copy of their advanced forefathers. The walls are thin in comparison to those of the Anasazi, architecturally inferior.

A sign beside a narrow path says: “Do not disturb the snakes.”

This place symbolically becomes a crossroads of existent and non-existent worlds and events. General Coronado allegedly spent the winter here, but there is no evidence of this. He was seeking non-existent cities of gold with very real military forces. The Pueblo Indians of that time (and of the present day) claimed the Anasazi to be their ancestors, but there is a visible chasm between them which would seem to disprove their claim. The “State Monument” at Coronado is in fact not a monument. The signs inside the museum glorify the barbaric arrival of the first Europeans on the sacred soil of peace-loving Indians. And on and on. Everything is upside-down. What is the real reality?

There is a reason that I am here in the company of a Pueblo Indian. I need to get some answers from him.



Photo 2: The Kuaua Pueblo of what was once more than 1,200 rooms on four levels has now mostly turned into dust.

FAJADA BUTTE

Chaco Canyon, New Mexico

Melvin and I continue our journey through New Mexico. “This is the land of the Djikarila Apachi Indians,” he says, pointing off to the right. “To the north, all the way to Colorado, is their territory.”

Soon we come to the crossroads leading to the Chaco National Park. We drive forty kilometers (25 miles) along a dusty unpaved road. Along the way, there are a number of spots warning us that the road cannot be used during times of rainfall. At those times the Canyon is cut off from the rest of the world. There is no current settlement within 100 kilometers.

At some point I ask my traveling companion point blank: “Melvin, does your tribe still have the custom of communication with the spirits of your ancestors?”

“Every Pueblo has its own *seers*. They are capable of seeing into other dimensions and contacting the spirits of our ancestors.”

“Are you able to *see* like that?” I continue with my questioning.

Melvin pauses long enough to consider how much he ought to tell me.

“Yes. I am one of *los nuevos videntes* – the new generation of 'seers'.”

I want to know why it is called “the new generation.” What is it that makes it different from the previous generations? And, how did this phenomenon develop?

“Long before the arrival of the Spaniards,” he explains, “there existed a special kind of *seers* among the Anasazi. They were able to do amazing, incredible things. And they represented the last link of knowledge which stretched back thousands of years to the time of the Maya and the Tolteca of Mexico.”

I feel like I was entering something of a familiar territory.

“How do you think the Anasazi began to go out onto the *path of knowledge*?” I ask.

“You see, that's interesting. At some point, out of curiosity or hunger, the first Anasazi began to eat an energy-giving grass. When the grass caused strange effects, they began to investigate,” Melvin says, simultaneously attempting to get a feel for my reaction to this.

“So the first Anasazi *seers* came onto that completely by accident,” I observe. “And what kind of effects did the grass have?” I slow down the car as I ask the question; we are approaching our destination for the day and I want to continue this conversation.

“The most important effect was that they discovered the existence of two worlds, two types of awareness. Our everyday, material, world of the senses, controlled by the right side of the brain, and an *elevated consciousness*, above our five senses, that the left side of the brain has access to. Later they worked out techniques to be able to more easily reach the state of *elevated consciousness*. As a stimulus they used the same grass, but it was enough to just inhale the smoke and, with meditation, they would reach a place where they could *see*.”

“What would they be able to *see*?” I ask, continuing to focus on this subject.

“*To see* means to have access to knowledge. Of the past and of the future.”

“Do you have access to details from the past?” I ask, smiling within myself. It seems as if fate has sent Melvin to me. I have a lot of questions for him.

“I told you that I am a *seer*. When I focus myself on *seeing* into the past, then I know everything that happened at that time.”

We suddenly come onto a paved road. We are entering the region of the National Park. Chaco Canyon is on the list of the world's protected cultural monuments. Around the first bend in the road the view overwhelms me with a special feeling: we have come to Fajada Butte, an impressive bit of rock rising 135 meters above the semi-desert land overgrown with brush.

At an elevation of over 6,000 feet, we have arrived at in the heart of the Anasazi complex.

I park the car to take a few photos. I ask Melvin if he wants me to take his picture. He says that Santa Ana Indians do not like to have their picture taken. I do not push it. Clouds are hurrying across the sky above Fajada Butte which gives me a white background in my pictures.

Fajada is a Spanish word which means “belt”. At places where materials of different hardness meet, erosion occurs and from a distance it looks like a black (shaded) belt.

Some sixty million years ago, this place was at the bottom of the ocean and, for this reason, even on the top of these hills, fossils have been found of shellfish, the teeth of pre-historic sharks, crabs, and sand from the sea. In another sixty million years these natural monuments will also have eroded away and will have completely disappeared. (This, I'm sorry to say, will leave the cowboy movies without their natural backdrop.)



Photo 3: Fajada Butte, an impressive natural monument with the settlement of the Anasazi built into the cliffs at Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

Extensive study over the years has confirmed that the Anasazi at this location had very developed knowledge of astronomy. Thirteen petroglyphs have been found, geometric symbols carved into the stone cliffs.

Every petroglyph participates in a game of light and shadow during the key positions of the Sun and the Moon in the sky, including the spring and autumn equinox as well as the summer and winter solstice. The precision of the locations of these petroglyphs is phenomenal: on only one day of the year do the Sun's and the Moon's rays reach the appropriate point of the petroglyph.

On this sacred hill of the Anasazi, remains were found of several structures and ceramics. The motifs on the ceramics are indicative of a period between the 10th and 12th century, at the time when this canyon was the center of the Anasazi world. On the southwest side, a 230-meter-long ramp was found which ascends for over 100 meters. This was a very complex undertaking carried out without any metal tools.

The remains of a “kiva” were also found – a sacred circular room of the Anasazi, in which the *seers* held their sessions.

“Building the “kiva” on the cliffs of Fajada must have been a difficult job,” I observe, once again in conversation with Melvin.

“Wherever the Anasazi lived, they had a “kiva”. The seers would meet there daily to exchange information between the two worlds,” he responds.

“They say that the *sipapu*, a hole in the earth inside the “kiva”, is a symbol of the previous world,” I say, more as a question than as a statement.

“The *sipapu* is more than that. Our ancient ones came to this world from the Earth's belly...” (As I listen to him, I make a mental translation: the survivors of the preceding apocalypse were housed in the underground caves.)

“...The first three worlds were destroyed by fire, ice, and water...” (I knew that they spoke of three catastrophes which destroyed the preceding civilizations: volcanoes, the ice age, and the flood after the sinking of Atlantis.)

“...When the waters receded, the gods wanted our forefathers to go out on the surface and begin with the Fourth World. Every “kiva” has a *sipapu* to remind us of where we came from. Also, the spirits of our ancestors regularly attend our sessions through this opening. It is a gateway between the internal Mother Earth and us on the surface, and between the past and the present.”

“Were there limits for the seers?” I asked.

“In those days, the number of seers began to expand suddenly. The new generations studied and learned how to see. And that was the beginning of the end. With time, the number of seers had grown so much, as well as their obsession with what they had seen. They became very adept and could visit strange worlds which would fill them with fear and reverence. But, because of their obsession with seeing, they ceased to be wise and to be *men of knowledge*.”

“Was that obsession the fate of all the seers?” I ask.

“No. Some of them avoided that fate. They were the great, wise, real *men of knowledge*. They managed to use their seeing powers in a positive way and to have a positive influence on the members of their society. I am sure that, under their leadership, the population of entire cities moved into other worlds never again to return.”

This sentence struck me like lightning out of the blue. It confirmed my suspicion about the fate of the Maya. And now, here it was, at the beginning of my encounter with the world of the Anasazi, that I was being given answers about their mysterious disappearance as well.

The best-known petroglyphs of Fajada are two spirals carved into the rock. The larger one has 19 circular lines;

the lesser one is located to the left of the first one and has nine and a half lines as well as a stretched out ending.

At noon, on the first day of summer, the Sun's rays pass between the rocks and, in the shape of a knife, fall exactly into the center of the larger spiral.

On the first day of winter, two “knives” of light fall exactly on the edge of the larger spiral.

And, lastly, on the first day of spring and autumn, a “knife” of light passes through the middle of the smaller spiral.

Simply beautiful.



Photo 4: Two rays of the Sun fall on the edge of the spiral, signaling the first day of winter, petroglyph at Fajada Butte, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

The movement of the Sun along the horizon has a cyclical pattern: it increases during the spring and autumn, and slows down or decreases in the summer and winter. On days preceding the equinoxes (September 21 and March 23), the Sun moves as much as half a degree every day. But on the days around the summer and winter

solstices (June 22 and December 22) the Sun's movement slows down so much that it appears to be at the same location from one day to the next. This phenomenon is explained in the word "solstice", which means "standing still" in Latin.

The Anasazi knew about this phenomenon. In the legends of the Hopi and Pueblo Indians there is mention of the possibility that the Sun will completely stop moving on the days around the beginning of summer or winter. Thus, either the Earth will sink into an eternal coldness or the summer heat will be unending. Therefore, they have dances to obtain the mercy of the Sun so that it should not stop its movement in the sky.

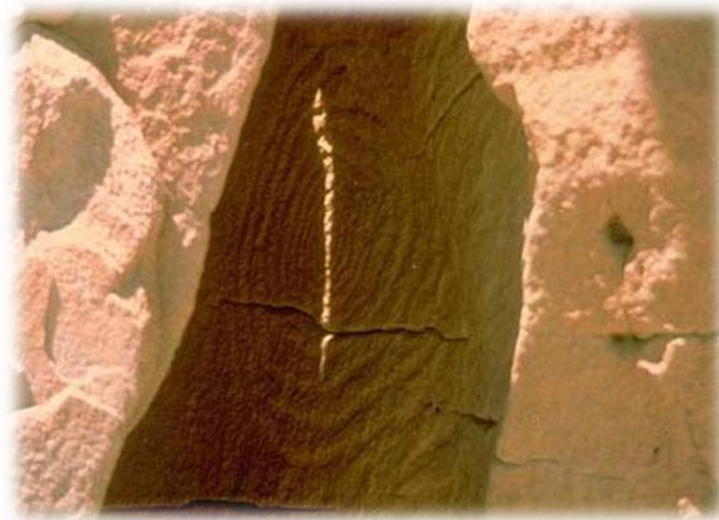


Photo 5: The Sun's rays, like a knife of light, passes through the center of the carved spiral only on the day of the summer solstice, Fajada Butte, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

In a similar manner, the Moon also has its cyclical rhythms. When it is in its most northerly orbit, the visual effect is similar to that of the Sun at the time of its solstices. Due to the Sun's gravity, the lunar orbit recurs every 19 years and this phenomenon is called the Metonic lunar cycle. The major "resting period" is

accompanied by a secondary or intermediary (less extreme) “resting period” every nine and a half years.

The Anasazi gave special attention to these lunar resting periods.

The aforementioned petroglyph – the spiral at Fajada Butte – marks the major lunar “resting period” in that the entire petroglyph is lit by the Moon's rays, and the border of the shadow goes along the left border of the spiral. In other words, the Anasazi knew about the Metonic cycle and the days which recurred every 19 years when the Moon was located at the same position in the sky.

During the secondary or intermediary lunar “resting period”, the moonlight covers exactly one half of the spiral, passing precisely through the middle; the other half is covered by shadow. The angle formed by the Moon's shadow is identical to the angle of the carved line of the spiral where it touches it.

If we add to this the fact that the length of the major “resting period” of every 19 years corresponds with the number of lines in the larger spiral (19), and the period of the secondary lunar “resting period” corresponds with the number of circles of the large spiral (nine and a half), we can see more clearly the incredible story of the astronomy in the petroglyphs of Fajada Butte.

These games of shadow and light are possible because of the fact that in front of the petroglyph there are three stone blocks, each two meters high and weighing several tons. There is still discussion of whether these blocks are located there due to natural erosion or whether the Anasazi put them there.

The incredible precision with which the light falls on the spirals is, for me, sufficient evidence that the Anasazi put the stone blocks in such a way as to block and permit

the light to enter in a way that it achieves the desired astronomical effects.

There are petroglyphs located at several other cliff locations. The geometric shapes of a double spiral and a snake once again mark the same effect for the extreme positions of the Sun in the sky. Of special interest is the shadow which is formed at the time of the autumnal equinox when the line of the shadow simultaneously touches the head, body, and tail of the coiled snake.

The snake, or serpent, is a motif which the Anasazi use in a manner similar to the Maya. It is a symbol of knowledge and of the superior heavenly being.

The Anasazi did not leave written documents. Nonetheless, these few rare symbols in the rock are enough to counter the claims of historians that the Anasazi followed the events in the heavens in order to be able to determine “the correct time for planting crops.”

The perfection of their petroglyph far surpasses the needs for an ordinary annual calendar of an agricultural society.

The Anasazi have, in fact, left us with a geometric message containing their vast astronomical knowledge and concepts.

HUNGO PAVI

Chaco Canyon, New Mexico

I enter the Chaco Canyon. There is a sense of wild beauty to it. Or a beautiful wilderness, if you prefer. A Semi-arid countryside, harsh winter conditions, short rainy periods, a baking Sun in the summer months... all this doesn't begin to do justice to the place which was once the living center of the Anasazi, their spiritual, communications, architectural, and trading center.

Richard Wetherill first came across this canyon 130 years ago. "The ruins which are there are huge. There are eleven large pueblo or settlements which contain from one hundred to five hundred rooms and a large number of smaller settlements... How many, in all, I don't know, but surely over a hundred."

I am looking forward to a tour of twenty kilometers through the canyon.

"Hey, Melvin, who were the first to come to these abandoned towns of the Anasazi?" I ask, making use of the time before we arrive at the first town in the canyon.

"The conquerors", my Pueblo Indian traveling companion answers.

"Who were those conquerors?" I persist.

"Other Indians. They came down into these parts and still further south, into Mexico," he gestures toward the southwest.

“How did it happen that they conquered a spiritually more advanced people?” I wonder out loud.

“As I told you earlier, certain towns, under the leadership of great seers had abandoned this dimension much earlier. Both here and in Mexico, in the world of the Maya. The ones who remained were under the leadership of those who were obsessed with their seeing and who did not have practical answers for the interests of their community. They were a fiasco.”

“Was there a spiritual continuity of the Indian conquerors with the old population?” I continue with my curiosity.

“Well, you see, these conquerors could control the material world. But they never learned how to see.”

“What do you mean they never learned how to see? Surely there must be some among the present-day Indians who can cross over between the two dimensions,” I continue.

My new friend smiles. He sighs a deep sigh and continues.

“You're not wrong about that. New spiritual leaders learned the procedures of the Anasazi, the Tolteka, the Maya... However, they did not gain the internal knowledge. For this reason, I don't call them seers but just witchdoctors. They didn't really understand what was happening on their spiritual excursions, and they couldn't explain it, because they weren't seers.”

“How did the arrival of the Spaniards affect their work?” I ask.

“When the Spaniards came, the old seers had already been gone for centuries. The new generation of witchdoctors began to protect their positions. The spiritually inferior and barbarically inclined Spaniards

actually helped the new leaders of the Indians to strengthen their status ...”

This seemed a bit illogical to me, but we had already reached the point where the road widened...

...Hungo Pavi, “The great House of Chaco”, as it was announced on the sign near the settlement, is at the entrance to the canyon. The name given to it by its original builders is unknown. One possible translation from the Indian term would be “the grassy springtime place”.



Photo 6: Entrance to Hungo Pavi, an Anasazi settlement in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, settled between 1000 - 1250 A.D.

“Settled from 1000 A.D. to 1250 A.D., a sacred site – enter with respect”, read the instructions on one sign.

It is asserted with a reasonable degree of certainty that Hungo Pavi was built between 943 and 1047 A.D. In the foundations of the walls the remains of beams were found which, by careful examination of the lumber, provide much information about the years associated with this construction activity.

Modern archeology has a number of methods available to it for establishing the age of a find: geological methods (according to the age of the layers of soil), comparative cultural methods (comparison of pottery, styles of construction, and artistic objects, with those of peoples who lived nearby) plus two methods of the 20th century, the C14 carbon dating method (measuring the time of the half-life of radioactive carbon) and dendrochronology (establishing age on the basis of tree rings).

With certain exceptions, the carbon dating method can be used to establish the age of organic material up to 55,000 years into the past. Dendrochronology, by comparison of the width of tree rings, is able to go back nearly 10,000 years with a precision of +/- 5%.

In 1929, Andrew Douglas, an astronomer from Arizona, analyzed the beams from Chaco Canyon (at the Pueblo Bonito settlement) and from the Aztec pueblo somewhat north of there and by comparison was able to establish that the oldest samples date back to 800 years prior to the arrival of Columbus in America. The new scientific discipline of dendrochronology enabled Douglas to found a laboratory at the University of Arizona which today has the largest number of samples of sequoia, oak, pine, and other tree rings. His contribution to archeology and history is invaluable.

Thanks to this research, the exact years of the cutting of the trees for the building of the settlement in Chaco Canyon have been determined. Furthermore, we know the time of the year when the tree was cut and left to dry.

My encounter with the Hungo Pavi pueblo gives me the first opportunity to touch the wood that was worked by the hands of the Anasazi.

The settlement is facing the east and directly looks out upon the sacred hill of Fajada Butte. A few surviving walls, which still defy time, and the foundations which mark the division of the rooms, is all that remains visible on the earth's surface. With careful examination (and with a healthy dose of imagination) one can conclude that the ground floor of the complex had 73 rooms. The ruins of two kivas are visible in the central part of the complex.

Hungo Pavi is located right beside the cliff of the canyon. Behind it, with some effort, one can see the remains of ancient stairways carved into the cliff – an essential part of the network of roads in the world of the Anasazi.

The remnants of the two-story west wall and the thickness of the bearing walls of more than a meter (!) indicates that there were most likely another two stories on top of them. This would increase the total number of rooms to about 200.

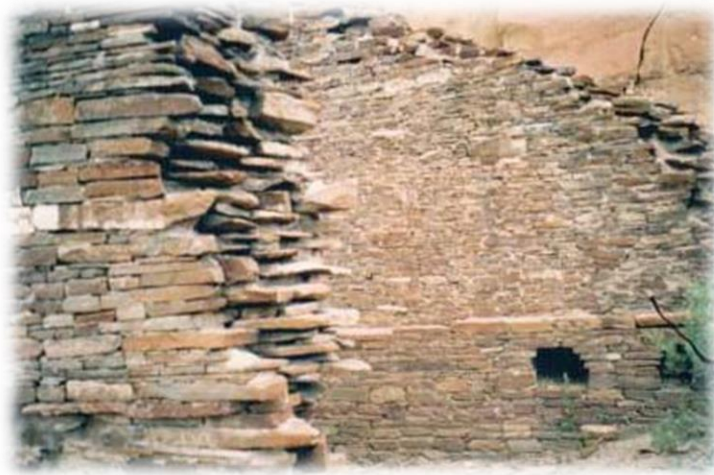


Photo 7: The load-bearing stone walls are over one meter thick. Hungo Pavi, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

Up until this point the story develops in a rather logical fashion. We have a small settlement or apartment

complex of 200 rooms where some one hundred small families could be housed. There are also the “ceremonial” kivas for common use.

However, in the ruins of these rooms there is no evidence of a hearth or location where the fire was built. And living six months through a harsh winter without a heat source doesn't seem logical.

Furthermore, for a pueblo of this size there should have been built at least fifteen small kivas, because usually every clan had its own, plus there were a couple of larger shared kivas.

The conclusion is that Hungo Pavi must have served as an occasional residence, in the summer months, for a very limited number of Anasazi.



Photo 8: A three-story high wall surrounded the settlement of about 200 rooms, Hungo Pavi, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

Why then did they go to so much trouble to build such solid and thick stone walls? Furthermore, sometimes the walls had plaster with decorative sketches on them. This was a construction project out of proportion to the way it was utilized.

And yet another puzzle.

Melvin waited for me in the car while I was looking around the settlement. The engine and the air conditioning are working. I help myself to some “iced tea” from the back seat which had long since ceased being “iced”. He found a radio station broadcasting in Spanish.

“Did you find anything interesting?” he asks, this time being the one to initiate the conversation.

“A few answers and a few new questions,” I respond. I am trying to remember where we had left off in our discussion.

“Tell me, why did you say that the Spaniards were useful to the seers?”

“Their presence assisted the spiritual leaders of the Indians to perfect their knowledge. It is strange, but the extreme terror to which they were then exposed, and also later from the white man, gave them an impetus to develop new spiritual procedures and new principles,” says Melvin.

“How large was the number of those seers in the years of the Spanish and Anglo conquests?”

“At first it was a large number. However, later the number was considerably reduced. Mostly they were killed.”

“And today?” I ask.

“Just a few. And they are spread all over the place.”

“Are you in contact with them?”

“With a few. You see, the last several centuries, the remaining seers consciously isolated themselves. The result was the creation of isolated communities. For example, you know about the existence of the nineteen Pueblo tribes. If we go into the distant past, we can see that nineteen seers began the process of the separation of one community from another into various territories. Today's tribes have quite a few differences even in their language and in certain customs, but still we all have common roots.”

We go on further. Just a few short kilometers to a special and long-awaited archeological treat.

PUEBLO BONITO

Chaco Canyon, New Mexico

An American military expedition entered the territory of the Navaho Indians. A visit to Chaco Canyon took place in 1849. Lieutenant James Simpson and his Mexican guide, Carravahal, gave the name *Pueblo Bonito*, “beautiful town”, to the most impressive of the thirteen locations of ruins.

The original name given to it by the Anasazi is unknown. However, the Hopi, Pueblo and Navaho had given their names to this place hundreds of years later.



Photo 9: Pueblo Bonito, the heart of the Anasazi world, at its height around 1100 A.D., Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

After its rediscovery in the middle of the 19th century, Pueblo Bonito was regularly vandalized over the next 70 years. Of the four-story-tall walls, the 800 apartments, some forty “standard” and three large kivas... little remains.

And as if that were not enough, in 1941 a gigantic stone collapsed above Pueblo Bonito. The thirty thousand tons of the “Threatening Rock” came crashing down on

the ruins of the town with a dull roar. Of what had been a rock fifty meters wide, thirty meters high, and fifteen meters thick, there remained nothing more than what I can only describe as a pile of relatively small rocks. Another thirty rooms of the Pueblo Bonito were thus forever destroyed.

In preparation for this trip I studied the photographs taken back at the time when “Threatening Rock” was still a part of the cliff. There is no doubt that the Anasazi were aware, even before they began construction, of the danger this rock posed. For this reason, they erected stone terraces at the foot of the rock which slowed down the erosion and minimized the danger of collapse. The Navaho, impressed by this, gave Pueblo Bonito the name: *Tse biyahnii a ah*, which means “the rock which is supported from below.”



Photo 10: The remains of the “Threatening Rock”, weighing 30,000 tons, which collapsed upon Pueblo Bonito in 1941, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

The construction of this settlement began in 850. It was extended three times between then and 1150, when further construction ceased. There is evidence of life in

its rooms for another fifty years or so after that, and then, without any indication of a reason for this, the town was peacefully and mysteriously abandoned.

Impressed by the architectural achievements of the Anasazi, early archeologists and historians were originally of the opinion that Pueblo Bonito had housed several thousand residents. They arrived at this conclusion by multiplying the number of rooms (800) by the likely size of a family (4-5). Similarly, they calculated the probable population in the entire Chaco Canyon. Thirteen small towns with a population of several thousand each would make for perhaps twenty-five thousand people. And it made sense that this would be the center of the Anasazi people, whom they figured to number some hundred thousand people within a radius of a thousand kilometers.

However, pure logic discounts these calculations. For in Pueblo Bonito there were only some fifty rooms with places for fire. Suddenly, instead of three or four thousand residents, the estimates drop to just a few hundred. In half of the nearby settlements there are no places for fire in the rooms, which means that these places were only temporary locations – summer houses.

So now we are confronted with the question of how it happened that they went to all the work of creating such impressive stone structures, four stories high plus round kivas, a network of stone roads stretching for hundreds of kilometers and connecting them to about 150 “great houses” (settlements) of the Anasazi.

All of this was done in conditions of severe climate, barren soil, with very limited sources of water at a time when most of their daily activities must have been devoted to finding food.

I took several pictures of the “Threatening Rock” and ran out of film. Going back to the car for another roll of film, I find Melvin, as usual, sitting there with the air-conditioning full blast, listening to a Mexican radio station, looking as if he is in some sort of trance. All the iced tea is gone.

“Melvin, would you like to keep me company in looking around the ruins of Pueblo Bonito?” I ask.

“You go ahead, I will keep my eye on you and be with you.”

“I’ve been waiting for this chance to get up close to a large kiva and attempt to feel how the Anasazi felt when they gathered there,” I tell him.

“I know that you will feel the colossal discoveries of the Anasazi seers,” he mysteriously responds.

I see that I should stay a few more minutes in the car. Melvin is tempting me.

“What kind of colossal discoveries?” I ask.

“Well, the Anasazi seers were able, by taking great risks, to see the indescribable power which was the source of all living beings. They called it the *Eagle*.”

Now he has my complete attention. “Why the *Eagle*?” I ask.

“In the few flashes that they were able to withstand, they saw something which looked to them like a black and white eagle of an enormous size.”

“And what did they learn about that power?” I try to drag more information out of Melvin.

“They saw that the *Eagle* gives consciousness and knowledge. He creates beings so that they can live and enrich the consciousness and knowledge given to them.”

“And then what?” I ask.

“They saw that this developed consciousness leaves the being after death and moves directly to the *Eagle*... and is swallowed up by it.” Melvin carefully and slowly pronounces this awesome truth.

“Do you mean to say that the only reason for our existence is to enrich the consciousness with our life's experience... and that this consciousness serves the cosmic force as food?” I reason out loud.

Our eyes meet. His dark brown eyes and wrinkled skin give me no place to hide. It is as if we have arrived at the last cosmic station and we know that there is nowhere else to go. And our fate is not benign.

“The Anasazi seers saw that living beings are here to enrich the consciousness which becomes the food of the *Eagle*. From ancient times to the present. And forever,” Melvin concludes.

“So much for the discoveries of the Anasazi seers,” I think to myself. I leave the car still mulling over this conversation.

Standing in front of the town I look over its contours. Pueblo Bonito was built in the shape of a capital “D”. The round part of the complex faces south, taking in and absorbing the Sun's heat during the time of the cold winter days. The largest kiva is perfectly oriented in a north-south direction (“without the use of a compass,” of course).

Every stone has been built into the walls with the greatest of care.

The wall which divides the complex into two halves is also perfectly oriented toward the north (according to official measurements it is less than one quarter of one degree off from “true north”!) The large kiva in the eastern half of the settlement is located on a line precisely 45 degrees to the northeast.

Clearly the construction was a part of the astronomical orientation of the Anasazi.

The first part of the settlement that I see as I follow the narrow path are the eastern walls. There are remains of two tall walls and in them an odd opening – a window. I later discover the remains of six similar corner windows.

Careful examination revealed their astronomical function. It was noticed that in this region the movement of the Sun can be observed until the end of October. And when it seems that the Sun disappears beyond the horizon, because it is no longer easy to observe it from this position, something very interesting happens. A narrow strip of light passes through the window and can be observed on the wall on the other side of the room. After that, the movement of the Sun can be observed in this way, by following the movement of the light of the Sun. And, on the day of the winter solstice, December 22, the Sun’s rays form a square starting from the corner of the room!

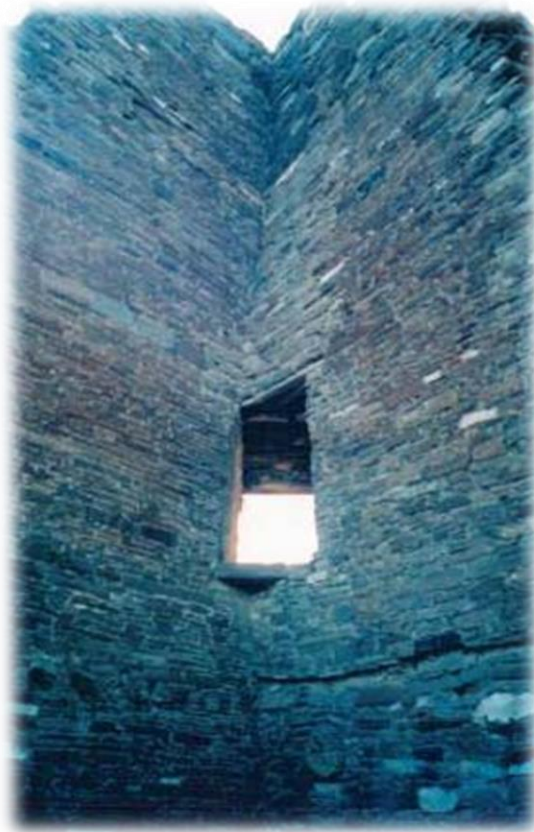


Photo 11: Evidence of the astronomical function of the angled windows of Pueblo Bonito which follow the motion of the Sun; Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

Despite the fact that they did not have a calendar on the wall, the movement of the rays of the Sun could let them know about the approach of the first day of winter.

Of course, today we do not see the plaster on the walls which most likely contained further notations regarding important points of the Sun's motion.

For the construction of thirteen communities in this canyon a total of 225,000 trees were used. The nearest forests were sixty kilometers away.

The foundations of the walls of Pueblo Bonito are more than a meter wide, as is the case for other Anasazi settlements. The walls which have remained standing are tapered in their thickness, and this tells us two things. First, that the original builders planned for several stories and therefore built thicker walls at the bottom; second, with narrower walls on the higher floors there was less pressure on the lower walls. Every stone was carefully shaped and smoothed.



Photo 12: The walls of Pueblo Bonito were carefully built with over 50 million carefully prepared stone tiles, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

Bearing in mind that Pueblo Bonito had only some hundred permanent residents, and the other settlements even fewer, we are forced to ask ourselves how it would be possible that such impressive and massive structures could be built in such a short time.

This complex had only one narrow entrance into the settlement. Except for the wide and open town square, which connected the kivas, the entrance into individual apartments was possible only with the use of wooden ladders. The four-story-tall walls created barriers for uninvited guests. Furthermore, there were two large walled platforms with additional walls which served as an external protective barrier.

The main entrance was, over time, narrowed from two meters to less than a meter. And then, when the Anasazi left this settlement in the middle of the 13th century, even this entrance to Pueblo Bonito was walled shut.

Chaco Canyon was the center of the Anasazi world. Pueblo Bonito was the largest settlement, located in the very center of the canyon. And the central room of the 150-meter-wide Pueblo Bonito is the large kiva with a radius of about twenty meters.

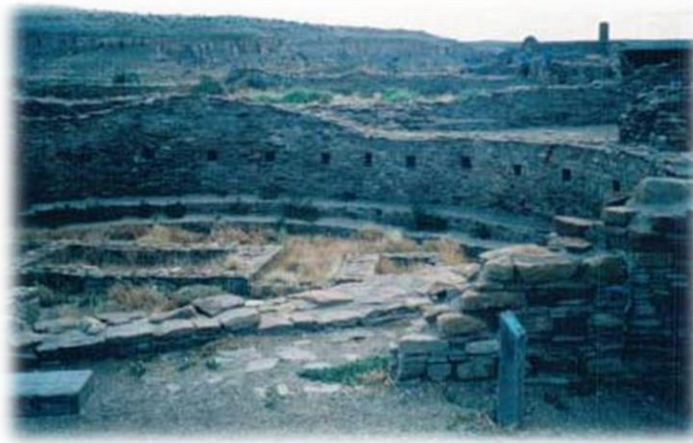


Photo 13: The ruins of the Large Kiva, with a perfect north-south orientation, the spiritual center of Pueblo Bonito, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

A small bench in front of the remains of the underground kiva offers me a place to be seated.

I am in the heart of a civilization that has disappeared. Beneath me all their secrets, hopes and plans have eroded away. By the light of a fire, with the smoke and the smell of grass in their pipes, they created a present and a future for the Anasazi community which stretched out for hundreds of kilometers around.

Right up until the moment the decision was reached that the entrance should, with peace and dignity, be forever sealed.



Photo 14: For the construction of the thirteen larger settlements in the canyon a total of 225,000 trees were cut; the nearest forests were located more than 60 kilometers away. Since the Anasazi did not have metal tools, draught animals, or the wheel, it remains a mystery how this settlement was built in such a short period with a minimal number of workers.

CHETRO KETL

Chaco Canyon, New Mexico

Chetro Ketl is located five hundred meters southeast of Pueblo Bonito. It is also built in the shape of the letter “D”. The back walls run for a length of 170 meters supporting a settlement five stories high, with about 500 rooms and 16 kivas.

The ruins rise above the semi-arid countryside. Abandoned. Nothing but brush in all directions.

Eight hundred years of wind and rain have hidden the system of tunnels, rooms and kivas which connected the two largest settlements of the Chaco Canyon. In the 1920s, archeologists discovered the foundations and ruins of walls between Pueblo Bonito and Chetro Ketl. Recent studies using laser images established more rooms as well, now buried underground.



Photo 15: An artist's rendering of the elegant Anasazi settlement of Chetro Ketl, 1200 A.D., Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

The codes of tree rings found in the supporting walls of this pueblo established that the first floor was constructed in 945 A.D. Over the next 170 years, 26,000 trees were cut down in order to bring the settlement to its final arrangement. The radius of the largest supporting beam (in Spanish known as the “viga”) was 65 cm. (a diameter of over four feet). How these trees were moved from where they had grown to where they were used remains a mystery.

Fifty million stone tablets or tiles have been built into the walls of this “great house.” How many workers were needed for such an extensive undertaking?

There were fewer than a hundred, possibly even fewer than fifty, residents living on the elegant complex of Chetro Ketl. The lower floors served mostly for storage; and a double wall surrounded the settlement. The rooms on the higher floors had doors onto balconies.

There is nothing left of the balconies. But according to historical records from 1901, parts of the balconies were still intact then. Over the next two decades, they were also to disappear. Adventure seekers and museum suppliers, during their visits to the canyon, would use the wooden balcony supports for their fires on chilly evenings. And thus, the balcony terraces were turned into ashes.

My conversation with Melvin continues intermittently. Through the windshield we are now looking at the remains of the ruins of Chetro Ketl.

“The world is not what we think it is,” Melvin says. “We think it consists of objects, but that is simply not true.”

“I agree. Everything can be reduced to fields of energy,” I respond.

“Yes, but you, as an average man, cannot see those energy fields. If you could see them, then and only then would you be a seer. Then you could prove that truth.”

I have learned from experience that, when in the company of someone who can teach me something, I assume the role of a student. I gave such a look to Melvin then. He understood and continued.

“The world is not so firm and real as our senses attempt to make it seem. But neither is the world just a reflection of some sort. We can often hear that the world is an illusion, but this is not so. In one respect it is real, in another it is not.”

“So how do we see the difference?” I ask.

“Listen carefully, you European Texan. Through our senses we receive information about the external world. This is a fact. But what we see, that is not a fact. Because we learn how to use our senses. And that is where the problem begins.”

“Wait, let me see if I have understood. We have senses which detect objects and phenomena around us. And there’s no doubt about that. But the problem comes when we use those senses. Is that it?”

“Very good. There exists something which influences our senses. And because of that, what our senses present to us is distorted,” Melvin goes on to explain.

“All right, Melvin. We, for example, are now looking at the ruins of this settlement. Above us are the cliffs of the canyon. Is that real or not? Are our senses fooling us? What is distorted in that picture?” I attempt to simplify things.

“Our senses tell us that there are stone ruins and a mountain in front of us. They are of a certain size, color, and shape. We even have a large number of categories for various ruins or mountains. And that's fine. But think about this. Our senses see and receive certain information because they are forced to do so.”

I again contemplate this.

“What is it that forces our senses to work in a certain manner?” I again try to use questions demanding a precise answer.

“You see, our consciousness tells us that we are surrounded by a world of objects. But our consciousness and our senses are totally under the influence of the *Eagle's radiance*.”

“O.K. So the radiance comes from a cosmic source. And what do these rays look like?” I attempt to create a picture in my head.

“They are fluid, always moving, but at the same time unchanging and eternal,” Melvin concludes.

The photographer, researcher, and artist, William Henry Jackson, visited Chaco Canyon in 1877. Over the course of his long life (he lived to the age of 99), Jackson travelled all around the world. We mention his name because he is the only author to provide a translation for the name Chetro Ketl. He says that it means “Rain Pueblo”. He doesn't identify the source, but most likely it is from the Pueblo Indians.

Why “Rain Pueblo”?

Half the rainy days in the canyon happen in the summer months. Usually, they are sudden downpours.

These summer rains create small streams which pour down over the cliffs of the canyon. Such streams usually occur in the northern part of the canyon. The inhabitants of settlements made irrigation systems using stone channels to make use of this water. Three such stone channels are located within or nearby Chetro Ketl.

The Navaho Indians had two names for this settlement. In both cases, they did not speak of the characteristics of the settlement itself but of its environment. The first name, *tsebida't'ini'ani* means “covered hole” and relates to the covered rock trenches in the canyon in this area; the second name *nastl'a kin*, which means “house in the corner” relates to the location of the settlement near gorges in the canyon which are in places almost closed over at the top.

The early archeologists tried to explain the architectural wonder of the Anasazi world through the nearby Mexican civilizations and their influence upon the knowledge of construction and astronomy of the canyon occupants. When they found the remains of the stone pillars at Chetro Ketl, this was, for them, the crowning proof of their claims.

Indeed, one row of the square stone pillars had been positioned to face the main town square. Over time the space between the pillars had been filled with construction material and this had become a new wall. This only proved the older origin of the pillars themselves. Similar pillars had been erected in the central Mexican valley (the cities of the Aztec and Toltec). However, further research led to the conclusion that these pillars were not a part of the original phase of construction (945 A.D.) but were added later (1075 A.D.). Thus, the theory of the influence of the Central American culture was discounted.

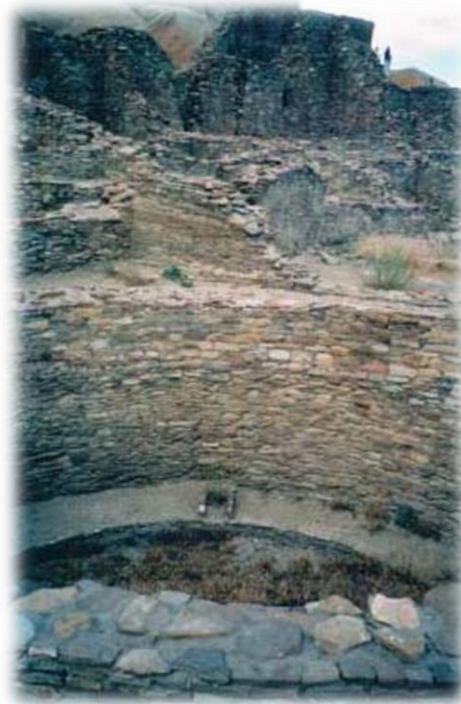


Photo 16: The remains of the Large Kiva which had a roof weighing 90 tons; beneath it an even older kiva was discovered. Chetro Ketl, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

On the main square the remains of the large kiva are evident. Next to the circular walls there is an entrance room and passage; at the base of the kiva there is a circular stone bench; in the middle of the kiva there is a hearth with a stone border and reflector for the fire. Four large support columns held up the roof of the kiva which weighed ninety tons (!); further below these pillars, circular stone plates were found weighing half a ton each. Beneath them there were alternate layers of lignite and bricks, and beneath them still deeper were found leather bags containing pulverized semi-precious turquoise (?).

Americans carried out the first organized excavation in 1920. The New Mexico Museum, together with E.L. Hewitt, cleaned up the ruins of the town in three phases. The kivas were so full of dirt, rock and rubble that they used explosives for the cleaning work. In the third phase,

what they discovered (in 1933) was that the main kiva in fact consisted of two kivas, one on top of the other. The older one was five meters underground and had a width of 18 meters. A formal entrance was not found but they had to break down one of the walls of the upper kiva to get to it. Thanks to the inaccessibility of the older kiva, original material was found in the central pillars, mysterious underground entrances, narrow stairways, and recesses in the wall with precious stones.

A three-dimensional projection of the large kiva can be found at the interesting website: <http://sipapu.gsu.edu/html/kiva.html>. *[Update January, 2019: The website is not accessible anymore because the link given above is broken.]*

I get into the air-conditioned car. The air conditioner is on full-blast.

“Melvin, at first glance these ruins do not appear to be something special. Not even impressive. But the more I think about them I realize how much work was needed to cut down thousands of trees and transport the logs over such a distance and to process millions of pieces of stone. And furthermore, there were only a few people who lived here.”

“There are no other settlements for tens of kilometers from here. Do you know what means of transport they used? Metal tools, wheels, draught animals... none of that was here a thousand years ago. I know that the only domesticated animals they had were turkeys. But I doubt that turkeys could drag tree trunks for sixty kilometers.” I express my questions to my travel companion.

He heard me out. Then, “Let’s go on,” he said, gesturing with his hand to go further.

I accept his suggestion. We drive for a few hundred meters. Then he points toward the cliffs of the canyon.

“The Anasazi have hidden many secrets. They were capable of traversing the boundaries of time. Going from the spiritual to the material dimension. Within these cliffs there are passageways that the white man has not yet found. Some answers are hidden deep inside the canyon,” he says mysteriously.

I stop the car for a moment. On the right-hand side of the road there is a barbed-wire fence with a small wooden sign. “Region closed beyond this point.” I hadn’t planned to go out there. Perhaps another time. If I have time on the way back...

I park the car. At the beginning of a dusty path there is a sign indicating that we are heading for the grave of a legendary researcher, amateur archeologist and trader Richard Wetherill. He was a controversial rancher from Colorado, who discovered a number of Anasazi settlements in Colorado and Utah at the end of the 19th century. When he came to Chaco Canyon in 1896, it was through his writing and excavation work that America came to know about the Chaco Canyon sites. Wetherill thus cemented his fame as an author of the most famous American archeological discoveries.

He was hired for an expedition by the American Museum of Natural History. And despite the fact that he was a self-taught archeologist, his methods of excavation, photography, and sorting were superior to those of educated archeologists. And, as often happens, the official science tried to get the politicians to prevent him from doing further research, because he had no formal training. The first American law was passed on the protection of historical monuments and new university expeditions were sent out. As a result, Wetherill stopped

working as an archeologist and became a businessman instead.



Photo 17: Richard Wetherill, far right, a self-taught archeologist, with his team on the Hyde expedition in 1896, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

In the photograph which I managed to find from the archives, a slender Wetherill is photographed with his team from the Hyde expedition in the canyon in 1896.

There are contradictory notes concerning later phases of his life. Part of the Navaho Indians who worked for him were full of praise for their employer. However, there were stories circulated about his bad temper. In the end, it cost him his life. There are four different versions of how he met his end. The one thing that is sure is that he was killed after a fierce quarrel between his workers and the Navaho.

And thus, yet another impressive personality was added to the history of this canyon.

PUEBLO DEL ARROYO

Chaco Canyon, New Mexico

I continue my tour through the canyon. The Anasazi did something brilliant here and then suddenly, after three hundred years, they mysteriously closed their “great house” behind them.

The period between 850 A.D. and 1150 A.D. was the era of their elegant construction and spiritual achievements.

Archeologists speak of primitive nomads from two thousand years ago until 700 A.D. in this area. Then there were nearly two hundred empty years until the appearance of the Anasazi. After their departure there was another 200 years of silence. When the Pueblo and Hopi came onto the scene, their architecture and spiritual accomplishments were only a pale reflection of the Anasazi.

It is surprising how abandoned ruins can say so much to all those who are prepared to listen.

The hands that built these harmonious complexes in the unusual shape of the letter “D”, eventually to lock them up with dignity upon their departure, have left us messages which we can try to decipher.

Pueblo Bonito is the heart of the Anasazi civilization. It is the oldest complex which started everything around the year 850 A.D., and which was occupied without interruption until after 1150 A.D. The Una Vita and Penasco Blanco settlements were inhabited for 250 years.

After them come three settlements which were each used for about a hundred years: Hongo Pavi, Chetro Ketl and Pueblo Alto.

Finally, the Anasazi made another seven complexes in a later period which they inhabited for only one or two generations (?!): Casa Rinconada, Casa Chiquita, New Alto, Kin Kleso, Wijiji, Tsin Kletzin and Pueblo del Arroyo.

The number of residents of a pueblo can be established according to the number of smaller (family) kivas, the number of hearths and number of vessels found in the rooms. With no more than forty families in Pueblo Bonito, it was the center of an enormous territory with a radius of over a thousand kilometers!

The next enigma is the fact that over half the settlements in Chaco Canyon had no places for building a fire, which means they were not occupied all year round. How can it be explained that a handful of people from the area of this inaccessible canyon could build such impressive architectural structures which would have required thousands of people and many years of non-stop work?

How did they communicate and expand their influence over the enormous territory which covers the area of four sizeable U.S. states, namely New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Arizona?

All the rooms in Chaco Canyon were of the same size. This simple fact tells us several things. The Anasazi were not a hierarchical society. There were no rich and no poor. There was no nobility, no clergy, no upper or lower class.

Were they a society where social justice and equality prevailed?

The existence of several larger and many smaller kivas tells me that the flow of information from the “council of wise men” (a group of seers) moved in both directions and without obstruction to and from each family.

Spiritual expeditions, controlled astral projection of the seers, permitted regular contact between the distant settlements of the world of the Anasazi.

The astronomical knowledge of the seers came from the combination of information from two worlds, with the use of both their material and spiritual senses. The movement of the Sun, the Moon, the planets and stars was observed and recorded with petroglyphs on the cliffs or in the orientation of walls and windows.

They did not leave a writing system or written evidence behind them. It was as if they knew that their time on this planet would be short and their departure voluntary... such that there was no need to tell future generations about themselves.

Let us, nonetheless, proceed to try to uncover their secrets.

“Melvin, the idea of the *Eagle* has me very intrigued,” I say as we are going from one settlement to another.

“It’s not just an idea,” he answers. “It is a fact. And a frightening one.”

“But what kind of a cosmic force is that *Eagle*?” I ask.

“For the seers the *Eagle* was as real as time or the force of gravity is real to you. At the same time, it is similarly abstract and incomprehensible.”

“O.K., Melvin, gravity is perhaps an abstract concept, but it is dealt with by a scientific discipline and its existence can be proven,” I continue thinking out loud.

“The existence of the *Eagle* and his *radiance* can likewise be proven,” Melvin patiently responds.

“Explain the *Eagle’s radiance* to me,” I request.

“The *Eagle’s radiance* is everywhere around us; it penetrates everything that exists, that which is known and that which is not. There are really no words to describe it. The *Eagle’s radiance* must be seen and sensed by the seers.”

“Have you seen it?”

“Of course I have. But just the same I am unable to really describe it. It is a presence, the present, a pressure which seems to have its own weight. A seer can only catch a glimpse or a flash of that radiance. And likewise, we can only sense the existence of the *Eagle*.”

“Do you think that the *Eagle* is the source of this radiance?”

“That goes without saying.”

“What I meant to say was, could you visually see the *origin* of this radiance?”

“Listen, there is nothing visual about the *Eagle*. The seer senses the *Eagle* with his entire being. The explanation for that is very simple. We humans, like all other living beings, are simply the product of the *Eagle’s radiance*. This means that we need to return to our basic elements... and then we will feel the *Eagle’s radiance*. However, humans have one problem. Our consciousness. It is fed by our senses. And our consciousness interprets the information we receive from our senses and that’s

where things get complicated. Even the seers cannot avoid this limitation. This is why they speak in simplified terms such as *the Eagle* or its *radiance*. In reality there is no *Eagle* or *radiance*. What exists is something which we cannot reach,” he concludes.

Pueblo del Arroyo was planned and built between 1065 and 1100 A.D. James Simpson and his Mexican guide Carravahal gave it this name (meaning “settlement by the stream”) at the time of their 1849 expedition. This is also the translation of the old Navaho name for the place *Tabaah kini*.

This settlement has several differences which can be immediately noticed. Unlike the rest of the “great houses of the Anasazi”, which are located directly next to the canyon cliffs, Pueblo del Arroyo is located in the middle of the canyon. The other complexes have the semi-circular shape of a capital “D” facing south, but this pueblo has the semi-circular wall facing to the east. Pueblo del Arroyo has well-preserved smaller kivas, but no large kiva.

The first foundations of the ruins I come across along the narrow path are very unusual. They are of three enclosed circular walls. Every few meters there is an intersecting wall. In other words, the original builders erected three large circular rooms one inside another, and the intersecting walls formed a kind of labyrinth. This is the only such labyrinth in the canyon. Its purpose remains a puzzle.

I would make a guess that this labyrinth might have an experimental purpose for the Anasazi. The fact that they did not have a large common kiva here, but instead had these circular rooms tells me that their seers had special spiritual sessions here with their own kind of challenges for newer members.

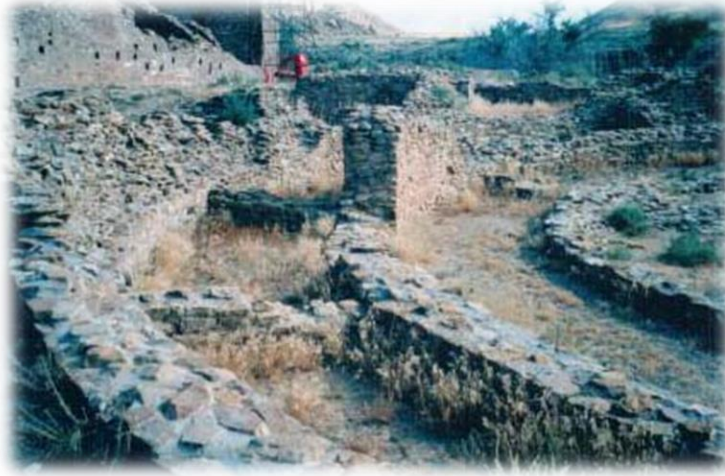


Photo 18: The Labyrinth with three concentric circles and a series of intersecting walls – possibly a special place of spiritual challenges for the initiated (?), Pueblo del Arroyo, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

After passing the labyrinth, I come out onto the south edge of the settlement. Once again, there is something new: a room of more than 35 meters in length. It is evident that the outer side of the wall began to buckle and this resulted in the later addition of support walls to prevent its collapse. Those support walls later served as a basis for new rooms to be added.

On my hands and knees, I crawl into one of the smaller rooms. I touch the wooden frame of the door on which the number 6195 has been written. In the documentation I learn that this wood was tested and its date of cutting was precisely established as 1104 A.D.

In the long room in front of me the remains of the bones of three full-grown parrots were found. Valued for their varicolored feathers, these parrots were a part of the trading that occurred between the Anasazi and the southern Mexican cultures. This was concluded based on the fact that no bones were ever found of the young of such parrots.

The temperature is in the nineties; I take off my hat and brush the sweat from my brow. I look across toward the canyon. In the distance, I can see Pueblo Bonito and Chetro Ketl to the right and to the left Kin Kletso. The Sun is still high and the Sun's rays caress the towns' squares.

I return to looking around myself and try to take in the entire Pueblo del Arroyo. Only one third of it has been excavated. And then the work was stopped. I close my eyes and imagine the original appearance in the shape of the letter "D": as a fortress or a space ship? A total of 285 rooms, four stories and 24 smaller kivas.



Photo 19: The way Pueblo del Arroyo looked around 1120 A.D.; this is the only “great house” of the Anasazi located in the middle of the canyon. The circular labyrinth is shown in the lower right corner and it is also the only one in Chaco Canyon.

There are no new excavations. The Navaho, Pueblo and Hopi have opposed any new excavation projects. And archeology has shown that the best way of maintaining ruins is to leave them buried in the ground.

“Why didn’t they continue the excavations?” I ask Melvin when I return to the car.

“These settlements should be returned to mother Earth, and they should not be further disturbed,” which was exactly the answer I had expected.

We take a welcome break. I drink a few gulps of water. I take a few deep breaths and once again return to my conversation with Melvin.

“As I look at these ruins I am getting a kind of picture of the Anasazi in their kivas and on their spiritual travels, together with the concept of the *Eagle*, and then I get the impression that the seers agreed among themselves that this earthly life was not full of challenges... and that their departure was the result of a collective decision... not to continue with new generations on Earth,” I put out my theory to Melvin.

“Well, that is only one part of the truth of the Anasazi,” he explains. “I think you have begun to correctly perceive the importance of the spiritual journeys of the seers.”

“But I must admit that the description of the *Eagle* which swallows our consciousness left a deep impression on me,” I add.

“You would get a real impression if you could see it. When you feel this cosmic force then you would know how to define it. Instead of the *Eagle* you might see a magnet which simply draws the consciousness to it after the death of the body,” Melvin continues.

“And what about the disappearance of the Anasazi? Was it a matter of a coordinated joint departure? Did the seers give up on this life? Did they no longer see any sense in enriching the consciousness which in the end will be swallowed by the *Eagle*, as you put it?” I continue to push for further answers.

“It is a bit more complicated than you think,” he responds. “The Anasazi did not live only between the two dimensions of the canyon and the *Eagle*. If you are persistent, you will find some surprising answers,” my friend concludes enigmatically.

KIN KLETSO

Chaco Canyon, New Mexico

I have planned to visit one more Anasazi settlement in the canyon: Kin Kletso. The Navaho called it the “Yellow House”. Because of the yellow grass around it or the reflection of the Sun? I am not sure, because the ruins are of a dark gray color.

“Melvin,” I once again address my Pueblo travel companion, “here we have yet another great house of the Anasazi. Did the seers see these buildings with the same eyes that we see them with?”

“Well, you see, the seers at that time attempted to establish what was available to them, and what was not. And thus, the division came about between the known and the unknown. What they were able to see on their journeys became what was known and that could be further tested. Soon they came to realize that this area was far and away, and the smallest territory, much smaller than what was unknown. And the wisest among them defined yet another dimension – the unknowable. This dimension was infinitely huge.”

Melvin made use of my question to give me a much more complex answer than what I had expected. I felt that he wanted to underscore the limitations of our senses and our ability to know.

“The kivas of the Anasazi,” he went on to explain, “were where the seers attempted to draw up maps of what was knowable to their spiritual senses. Despite their status in the everyday life of the Anasazi community, these seers would behave like curious children in the face of the huge wall of the unknown. With a joint effort they formed first definitions and procedures. Often these

spiritual journeys were not so naïve because they met up with all kinds of spiritual monsters. Perhaps their greatest achievement was in the fact that they came to recognize that all these terrains of the known, the unknown, and the unknowable belong to the all-consuming *Eagle's radiance*."

"Wait Melvin, if everything is a part of this cosmic or *Eagle's radiance*, why would some things be accessible to us and some things not?" I ask.

"The Anasazi seers understood that all living beings were penetrated by the *radiance*. It was also clear to them that living beings were created so that they could understand this *radiance* up to a certain point. Every living species has its own limit to the understanding of it."

"It seems to me that now I'm getting close to the answer to my question," I smile to myself.

"That's right. These ruins of the settlement in front of us and all of the visible world comes into being as a result of the influence of the *Eagle's radiance* upon our organism and our understanding of what we see," Melvin replies with a smile.

"Melvin, let me see if I've got this straight. We are a part of the *Eagle's emanation* or *radiance* which creates everything around us. And we, with the help of our senses, which can perceive only a small part of that *radiance*, see only a part of the real picture of the world around us?"

"Just so. What a man learns from his senses is an extremely small, almost insignificant, part of *the Eagle's radiance*. But at the same time that picture cannot be completely ignored. Because this is what people call their reality," Melvin concludes this session of our conversation.

Kin Kletso is a completely unusual construction for Chaco Canyon. Unlike all the others, it does not have the shape of the letter “D”, but is rectangular in shape. It does not have the usual town square. It has no large kivas.

But on the other hand, as is usual, it is located right next to the cliffs. Fifty-five rooms on the ground floor and a similar number on the floor above it. There are four small kivas and one bigger kiva in the shape of a tower.



Photo 20: The sign at the entrance to the modern and compact Anasazi settlement of Kin Kletso which originally had 100 rooms and five kivas, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

It seems to me that all of these “great houses” had a unique difference in their construction which violated the rules of the usual design. In this way they were distinguished in the world of the Chaco Canyon in a special, creative manner.

At the same time, all of them have an architectural similarity.

It is as if the hand of the architect played with each new creation adding something new and communicating with the natural environment.

Kin Kletso has a strange, almost “modern” simplicity about its construction. It is compact. It reminds me of a large and modern Dalmatian ferry-boat forever anchored at the foot of the rocky cliffs.

This settlement was a part of the half dozen newer settlements of the canyon built between 1125 and 1130 A.D. The evidence shows signs, as for the rest of the small settlements, of having been inhabited only for one generation – twenty-five years. Why would such an undertaking be begun for such short-term use?



Photo 21: The two-story circular kiva (“the tower”) follows the path of the Sun at the time of the winter solstice. Kin Kletso, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

There are two signs in front of this settlement. The first advises that this is a sacred place: “Enter with respect”. The other points out the newer style of construction compared to Pueblo Bonito. It posits that Kin Kletso was built under the influence of the Anasazi of the northern parts: from the valley of Mesa Verde and Montezuma.

I am standing before the partially restored walls of the two-story circular kiva. I get the feeling that the building of this entire settlement began with this kiva. From there the view looks out toward the gorge and cliffs in the southeast. The rising Sun from two weeks prior to the winter solstice in December could be followed through that breach in the hill before me. On the day of the winter solstice the Sun would rise and be visible on the right-hand corner of the gorge. On the following morning, the day after the solstice, it would not be visible.

In a few minutes, I will be going climbing along the cliff. Before leaving, I take a new film and batteries and invite Melvin to join me.

“I will let you enjoy the view alone from the top of the canyon,” comes the answer I had expected. “I’ll just stretch out here for a while.”

“Melvin, what is man then?” I say, in an off-hand manner, again starting up the conversation where we had left off.

“The answer is very simple,” he responds, as if we had not made any pause. “For us seers, people are beings of light. Our light consists of the *Eagle’s rays*, which are enclosed in an egg-shaped pod, which we call a body. And it is that *radiance* that makes us a man.”

“Can you see that radiance in our pod?” I ask.

“Yes, the seers can see the *radiance* in every living being.”

“Is that radiance like rays of light?” I continue.

“That would be oversimplifying things. It is difficult to describe that. I see this radiance as spirals of light. And what is hard for an ordinary man to understand is that these spirals are conscious, alive, and vibrating.”

“How many of them are there?” I ask.

“There are so many that numbers have no meaning. And furthermore, each one of them is an eternity in and of itself.”

I ask myself whether Melvin has studied quantum physics, the superstring theory and unified fields theory. The more I listen to him, the more it seems like he is talking about the solution to all the questions of our modern science – how to arrive at a unified explanation for all the phenomena of nature, how to define the theory which will explain electrical, nuclear and magnetic energy, time, space, and all visible and invisible dimensions. Where is that combined dictionary? In the tenth dimension? Does it include all the dimensions in the cosmos?

Are Melvin’s spirals of light, or the *Eagle’s radiance*, the answer to the questions which our elite minds have come up with?

Did the Anasazi seers from their humble buildings, without electricity and water, computers and telescopes, see and – with all their being, their material and spiritual organs – sense the creative power of the cosmos which they called *the Eagle’s radiance*?

Did this fifty-five-year-old Pueblo Indian represent a connection between the cosmic Creator, or *the Eagle* as he calls it, and our dimension as well as the world of us limited human beings?

Considering the eagles in Indian mythology, dances, pictures, or in the feathers on their head-dresses or attire,

one might think they are only talking about the bird. But is that really the case? Perhaps the symbolism has become faded, but that doesn't mean it has been lost.

How short is the leap from the Indian dance done for tourists on today's reservations to the universal truth so that their medicine men can recall crystal clear stories of their ancestors, the seers, in full detail?

Do we have any right to look down our noses at the "primitive beliefs of the natives"?

Or should we make an effort to look at them as students who could find the answers to our most complicated questions?

ANASAZI ROADS

Chaco Canyon, New Mexico

A steep climb, several narrow passes and I find myself on a path which leads to the “mesa” – a plateau at the top of the canyon. From the top of the cliff one gets a completely different perspective of the canyon, the geometry of the settlements and their interconnections. The expanse and openness of the Chaco world becomes clearer as I move along the ancient paths of the Anasazi.

I pick up the pace as I climb toward the final destination of my visit to Chaco Canyon: the cliff above Pueblo Bonito. I have been waiting for this moment for six years – from the day when I stood for hours in front of a model of this ancient town. Its harmony and almost extraterrestrial architecture is now almost within my reach.

It is late in the afternoon, but the sun is still high in the sky. I will have enough time to sit and soak up the impressions of the valley beneath me.



Photo 22: A view of the ruins of Pueblo Bonito from the mesa above it, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

About twenty minutes later, I come to a point where I get the first glimpses of Pueblo Bonito. With each further step the ruins become more visible. I mentally compare the pictures of the earliest impressions I had with what I am seeing now. The ruins of the high south wall have a wooden support to keep them from collapsing; they make evident the truly circular shape of the settlement. All the kivas are open; their interiors are filled with dust and sparse vegetation.



Photo 23: A view of the kivas, the spiritual and astronomical center of Pueblo Bonito from the mesa, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

I rest on the cliff just above Pueblo Bonito. Below me lies the starting point of an impressive network of roads. Of all the material wonders of the Anasazi, this is perhaps the greatest one.

Eight hundred years of non-use and no upkeep of these roads has had an effect on them. These ten-meter-wide level roads straight with laser-like precision have ceased to be visible to the naked eye from close up. Even from this mesa I cannot see them clearly. Only from an airplane at about 10,000 feet you can clearly make out

these lines in the ground which were once used by the Anasazi.

Aerial archeology is the source of the discovery of a network of roads over 800 kilometers in length. They radiate out from Pueblo Bonito and go in direct lines toward Colorado, Arizona, and parts of New Mexico.

Why do I call them a “wonder”?

1. These roads did not start out as paths along which barefoot natives traveled. They are the result of a carefully planned advanced engineering effort. To build, and then to maintain, a network of several hundred kilometers can only be done with hundreds of “full-time workers”. The problem lies in the fact that these “hundreds of workers” simply did not exist. This canyon had a few hundred families that had to take care of getting enough water and food in a harsh environment. On top of that there was the construction of impressive settlements half of which were not inhabited all year round. The transport of trees from forests that were a minimum of sixty kilometers away is in itself a wonder. So where could they have come up with enough spare workers for the construction of roads which were ten meters wide?

2. These roads were built without the use of metal tools. And without wheels and wagons. And without any draught animals.

3. The roads do not follow the configuration of the terrain. They do not wind, bend, or curve. When a cliff gets in the way, the roads climb it, come to the mesa and then again drop down into the valley. The remains of handholds and footholds can still be found today where they were carved into the cliff.

4. There are no other Anasazi settlements within a hundred kilometers. The nearest ones are those far away

to the northwest in New Mexico. Why, then, did they make ten-meter wide roads? (And, once again, how were these roads maintained in these vast wide-open spaces?)

5. Where do these roads go? To other Anasazi settlements? No! Most of them end fifty or a hundred kilometers away from Pueblo Bonito and do not connect it with any other settlements. Why then do such an undertaking when there is no evidence of any economic function?

6. To make the roads smooth and level, digging was done to a depth of 10 to 50 cm. (4 to 20 inches). Sometimes in soil, sometimes in rock. On the sides, small walls were made of rock or soil.

7. As if this were not enough, the Anasazi decided to construct parallel roads in some places. Alongside the so-called “Northern Road”, but also the “Southern Road”, there are four roads one beside the other. They are separated by less than 40 meters and they are perfectly parallel.

8. The time of the construction of these roads has been established to be between 1050 and 1100 A.D. Analyses of ceramics and other artifacts confirm that all these roads were built in that very short period. After the year 1150, these roads were never used again.



Photo 24: A view of Chaco Canyon where the mysterious radial roads of the Anasazi originate.

The first archeological hypotheses spoke of these roads as trade routes. However, when it was found that the vast majority of them do not connect settlements and that they illogically climb up cliffs in order to maintain their direction, serious archeologists had to discount that theory.

The next conjecture was that the roads lead to a source of water as the most significant natural resource. But this idea similarly could not be justified by facts.

The only thing that these roads had in common was that at their ends there were small stone houses or temples or circular stone blocks. This brought the archeologists to the conclusion that these roads were of a “religious ceremonial” significance.

When historians and archeologists find themselves faced with something inexplicable, they use their favorite expression “ceremonial”. When they explain the kivas and the spiritual processes of the Anasazi, they speak of “the ceremonial role of the kiva”. Or they say that they served like modern-day “churches”.

And when they cannot explain the role of these roads, they speak of their “ceremonial significance”!

What on earth is that supposed to mean?

It is a July afternoon, with the temperature in the nineties, very low humidity, and at the top of the mesa a light breeze is blowing. It is pleasant. In my hands I hold two triangular pieces of darkened Anasazi ceramics. I look out across the canyon.

And then the pictures start to come into focus and to make sense. The clean air has cleared my thoughts.

230 years ago, a Spaniard by the name of de Miera gave this canyon the name “Chaco Canyon”. This was a translation of the Navaho word *Tzak aih*, which means “ribbons of white stone”. Ribbons, or string, as in the Superstring Theory which pretends to explain all natural phenomena. The root “Chaka” can also be “chako” and “chakra”.

Chaco Canyon was the heart of the Anasazi world. It was its energy “chakra” from which the flow of energy moved out in all directions.

I recall one aerial photograph which referred to the “aureole” around the canyon.

Energy streams also travel beneath the surface. At places where they intersect, there are energy potency points. Like those in Mexico (at Teotihuacan), Peru (Machu Pichu), Egypt (Giza), England (Stonehenge), and Tibet...

A network of underground energy streams was marked by the descendants of the people of Atlantis in the southwest of England by erecting a network of roads on the surface which corresponded to those beneath the surface.

Outside this dimension of understanding, there was no way of comprehending the hundreds of kilometers of the Nazca lines in Peru. The perfectly straight roads had been marked for thousands of years on its rocky desert. Only recently, the energy potency of the Nazca lines was demonstrated.

Ten-meter-wide stone roads, perfectly straight (despite the terrain) extend through the world of the Maya in Central America. Walking along these roads at the ends of which there were sometimes towns and sometimes temples, the Maya were walking along energy lines of the Planet showing, thus, their knowledge and respect for the Planet.

And now, finally, the same kind of roads appear among the rocky territory of the world of the Anasazi. Again, ten meters wide, hundreds of kilometers of straight roads form a kind of spiritual and informational network being located on the surface of the Earth's energy lines.

Was there communication between the Anasazi seers, the spiritual Maya and the descendants of Atlantis? Communication which transcended the barriers of time and space?

The answer, apparently, is hidden within the question itself.

I am content. I am touching the stone that my distant predecessors walked upon. The Anasazi children who played on the mesa and the adults who watched the sunset during the best time of their life.

It is time for me to return. With a smile I look about myself. And I leave this sacred place.

As the Sun is setting, I mentally review the results of my encounter with the Chaco sites. Answers to questions about the building capabilities of the Anasazi and the purpose of their roads, kivas, and settlements are not here in this dimension.

The questions which begin with "how" (how did they carry hundreds of thousands of trees for some sixty miles, how did they manage to prepare millions of stone tiles for their settlements, how did they manage to build an impressive network of roads, etc.) – will be answered in the communication of the Anasazi seers with those

from the times of the civilizations of Mexico, Peru or England.

The questions which start with “why” (why build cities which will be used for only a couple of decades, why build a network of roads in an endless wilderness, why did they leave...) – likewise will have their answer in the exchange of experience with spiritual leaders from earlier civilizations.

Suddenly, I pause and then I ask myself, “Why would they limit themselves to only communication with past civilizations?”

At that moment, I remember a discussion with Melvin. Twice he has addressed me very mysteriously; the first time in connection with some stone passages in the canyon and, the other time, regarding an expedition of seers into the past and future.

I have learned that thoughts do not just coincidentally occur.

Instead, they are like a road sign.



Photo 25: The view over the mesa in Chaco Canyon during the evening.

AZTEC

Aztec, New Mexico

Behind me lies Chaco Canyon. Once again, I am on a dusty road. My destination is northwestern New Mexico. I am headed for Aztec, and Melvin is going to Farmington. We have a two-hour drive ahead of us. Enough time, I think to myself, for me to learn something. But, at the same time, who knows how much will be left unsaid. For me, Melvin seems like a genuine wellspring of knowledge.

“Melvin, your explanation about nature is a lot like the ideas of the top modern theoretical physicists. They talk about a theory of energy superstrings with which they explain all the processes in the cosmos, including the structure of all living beings. You seers and the physicists have come to the same conclusions; you, through astral projections and movement through various dimensions, and they through their calculations, instruments and laboratory results. You start from different points, use different methods, and come to the same conclusions.”

“The conclusions and explanations you are talking about are the result of reconciliation... among the *Eagle's rays* or energy filaments... within and outside of the human shell,” Melvin muses mysteriously.

“Melvin, at times I think that I know what you are talking about, and then the next moment you surprise me with a new idea. Can you explain what you mean by harmonization of filaments on both sides of man's shell?”

“The seers see man as he really is. As a being of whitish light. As a shell filled with countless *rays of the Eagle*. As a balloon filled with microscopic energy filaments. And the seers see the *Eagle's rays* outside

man's shell which are lighter than those inside it. The filaments inside the shell are lit up by the filaments outside the shell. They are attracted to them."

"So then the energy filaments inside our shell are, in a way, inferior, darker than those outside the shell?" I say, thinking out loud.

"Listen further. We seers can see how the internal filaments attach to the external ones. And their focusing represents the conscience of the being."

"Melvin, I must admit that this seems like an abstract explanation of the human consciousness," I comment.

"You see, the external filaments have a certain pressure on the filaments inside the shell. This pressure determines the degree of consciousness which a living being has," Melvin explains.

Now I connect up his sentences about all living beings having limited access to knowledge. I form a picture in my head of the contour of the human being, filled inside with energy filaments, like tiny fish. And those fish in the semi-darkness are avidly looking outward. And all about them is the bright light of the *Eagle's radiance*, impenetrable, perfect, through which all knowledge of the cosmos moves.

I cannot escape the impression that we humans need to visualize things in order to be able to more easily understand what we are being told. And the limit of the picture that we form is at the same time the limit to our consciousness.

Melvin's thinking leads me toward the conclusion that parts of the cosmic consciousness, which he calls the *Eagle's radiance* or energy filaments, are captured in the human shell. Cut off from their source, they lose access to the circulation of knowledge and become inferior.

They become... human. And then, with mental and spiritual effort, they try again to know perfection.

Of course, we can ask ourselves: “What then is the purpose of the whole process?” I have no doubt that the Anasazi asked themselves the same question. Seeing the limitedness of our shell, they did not consider it necessary to continue the species and that is when their civilization ended its earthly mission.

“Melvin, tell me one more thing. You mentioned the harmonization of the energy filaments. How does this process take place?” I ask.

“Perhaps the greatest achievement of the seers was their ability to manipulate the human shell. Consciousness is tightly connected to the shell; in fact, the seers saw that consciousness is emphasized in the human shell. The place where consciousness is located is the lighter region of our shell. The seers discovered that consciousness is a narrow, vertical belt of light that is located on the extreme right side of our shell. That belt extends the full length of the shell...,” Melvin explains.

“From head to toe?” I try to visualize the picture.

“That’s right. And the skill of the Anasazi seers was in that they succeeded in moving that belt of light, or our consciousness, from its original position on the surface of the shell, to a deeper place within the shell... and to change its positioning from vertical to horizontal!” Melvin concludes.

This was something completely new for me. The Anasazi manipulating the arrangement of our energy patterns!

This makes me think about my experience with the Maya. For them the body and the processes of nature had various frequencies. Manipulation of these frequencies

enabled them to travel to the far end of the galaxy or to move through the dimension of time.

In this way, I muse, we define the meaning of the spiritual dimension of man. We often hear expressions, in the political or educational system, about spiritual development or growth. Thousands of people use these words most often to signify empty religious rituals. But man's spirituality is, in fact, the diving into the source of his cosmic nature and manipulating that knowledge.

The Sun has set over New Mexico. From the intersection at Bloomfield one can see the lights of Farmington. Another fifteen minutes' drive and we arrive at Melvin's destination. Melvin pulls out a photograph of a Pueblo Indian and explains:

"Our tradition of summoning rain and the fertility of the earth is centuries old. Its roots are in the experience of our ancestors, the Anasazi."

Then, in a muted voice he sings out a few of their refrains.

"May the skies be covered with clouds... May thunder be heard over the earth..."

I look at the photograph. "What does this red crown represent?" I ask.

"Those are parrot feathers. The shells on the belt come from the Pacific. While we dance, we beat the ground in rhythm to wake up the spirits. We throw evergreen branches into the river after the ceremony to please the Shivane, the people of the clouds."

And that was the last that I heard from Melvin. Why did he finish our meeting by mentioning the mythical

people of the clouds who carry rain? To emphasize that everything which surrounds us is somewhere between reality and illusion?

It was a Saturday morning in 1881. The teacher headed out with a few students to carry out a school project: research of the nearby ruins, overgrown with scrub and grass. The little group managed to make a hole in the thick northwest wall and to climb into the room on their hands and knees. At first, the candle didn't want to burn. Hundreds of years had passed since there was last a breath of fresh air in this place. Finally, the fresh oxygen supply was sufficient to allow the candle to be lit. In the half light, the group began to make out objects on the floor of the room: ceramic vases, sandals, a cotton robe, shells, stone tools. A skeleton was leaning against one wall. The dried ligaments held the bones together. It seemed as if the skeleton was looking at them. Some of the students became frightened and decided to leave. But the teacher convinced them to stay. Someone shouted that he had found yet another skeleton in a pile on the floor.

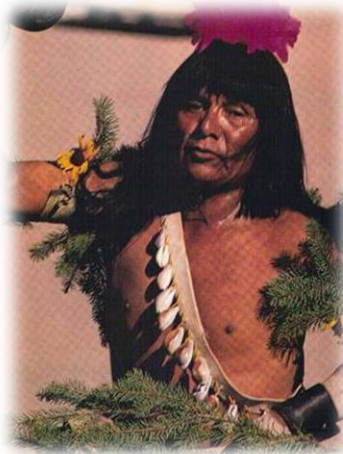


Photo 26: A Pueblo Indian doing a rain dance calling for fertility of the earth – the roots of this tradition come from the Anasazi.

When the school “research expedition” returned home, the entire place was in an uproar. Since then, every weekend was spent in new discoveries; the ancient stone walls gave way to the onslaught of the treasure hunters looking for ancient artifacts.

Five years earlier, in 1876, the first Anglo-American settlers had arrived in the river valley of El Rio de Las Animas Perdidas (“the River of Lost Souls”). They soon shortened its name to Animas. At that time the most popular material was a book by William H. Prescott entitled “The Conquest of Mexico” in which he described the Cortes conquest of the Aztec civilization in Mexico. The spirit of adventure was expressed by these settlers in their giving these ruins the name “Aztec”, mistakenly believing that only the developed culture of the Aztecs could have built such an impressive town.



Photo 27: A mock-up of the settlement known as “Aztec”, so named by the Anglo-American settlers who thought the town had been built by the Aztecs.

Of course, time proved them wrong. The Aztecs were not the ones who built this place, but rather the Anasazi. And it was built hundreds of years before the Aztecs appeared in the valleys of Mexico. However, the name stuck. And then the same name was given to the nearby

small town that grew up there. Such lack of awareness continues even today, as seen from the name given to the national park: “Aztec Ruins National Monument”.

In 1859, geologist John Newberry came across these well-preserved ruins with three-story, eight-meter-high walls (26 feet) and untouched rooms. With the arrival of the white man, vandals began to take anything of value from the rooms and the very walls themselves started to disappear. Fifty years later, a local archeologist, Earl Morris, began archeological work which culminated in 1934 with the reconstruction of the great kiva. This was the only reconstructed kiva in the world of the Anasazi.

The little town of Aztec does not stir a great deal of excitement, with its 7,000 inhabitants. But for me it is interesting because of two things.

First, at the end of March, 1948, according to testimony of witnesses, at a point some twenty kilometers from the center of this town, an alien spacecraft crashed into the cliff above the Animas River. The damaged engine of the craft ended up in Hart Canyon. The U.S. Air Force was notified and Special Forces closed off the region. They found the craft with fourteen bodies and they took it to the airbase at Wright Field (today's Wright Patterson AFB). The American government bought up the land where the accident occurred and a protective fence still today prevents access to the curious wanting to investigate the terrain. The local librarian, Leanne Hathcock, an active member of the local UFO club, carefully maintains all the data (further information can be found at: <http://www.aztecufu.com/crash.htm>) *[Update January, 2019: The website seems not to be accessible anymore because the link above is broken.]*

I drive down the main street on that Saturday morning. To the right is the UFO club. Across the street is a

humble museum which tells people about the Anasazi culture. Here, they use the Hopi name for the Anasazi – “Hisatsinom”.

I ask myself whether it is a coincidence that these two signs are directly facing each other. I wish that Melvin were here to tell me whether there is any connection between the mysterious Anasazi and the superior cosmic spaceship.



Photo 28: The western ruins of the place named Aztec – once an elegant three-story structure with 450 rooms and 24 kivas, New Mexico.

I come to the parking lot in front of the archeological park. There are only fifteen parking spaces and this tells me that it is not a big tourist attraction, despite the fact that it has been an international cultural monument since 1988.

Three “great houses” are located here next to one another – only one of them, the “Western Ruins”, is excavated and protected. This is a three-story edifice with about 450 rooms, 24 kivas and one large cylindrical kiva in the middle of the square. The shape of the settlement is something between a capital letter “D” and “E”.

The other two ruins (“The Eastern Ruins” and “the Earl Morris Ruins”) are of a similar size with even larger kivas. No excavations have been done on them due to a lack of money for such an ambitious project or for later maintenance. Therefore, they were left under the ground.



Photo 29: The Roof Construction inside the Western Ruins, Aztec, New Mexico.

I recognize the architectural style. It is identical to that of the second construction phase at Chaco Canyon when flattened stone tiles and smaller blocks were used. One meter down, there is a built-in row of green stone tiles. From a distance they look like an easily recognizable green belt around the walled structure.

I go to the northwest corner of the settlement where the “school expedition” began. The original room had been completely destroyed; now it has been rebuilt, but it no longer has that original compact architectural style. Nonetheless, I get my picture taken.

So, let us take a look at what it is that makes this little town special.

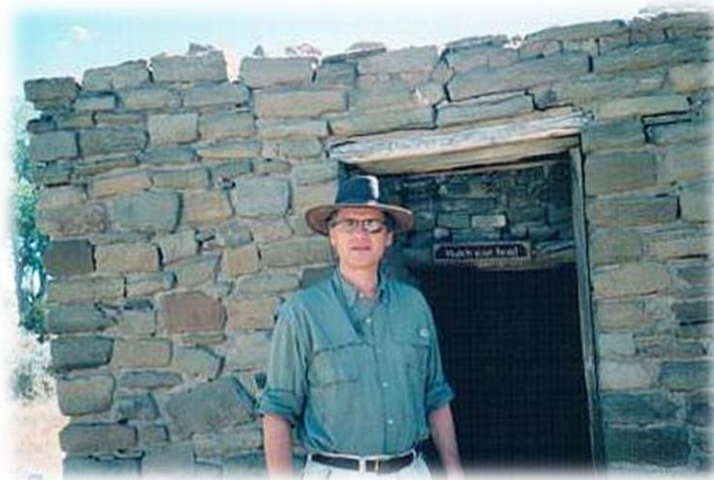


Photo 30: The author in front of the northwest corner of the Anasazi ruins in the town known as Aztec, New Mexico.

THE GREAT KIVA

Aztec, New Mexico

A group of Anasazi had remained in the valley. They had concluded that there was enough sunshine, water, and green. They named it “The Place Beside the Flowing Water”. From that time forward, this would be their land. Soon, there were elders who came to visit this valley. The leaders of the clans each brought one stone, which symbolized their family, and they formed a pile in the clearing where the center of their new settlement was to be built. They poured corn kernels over the pile of rocks, and sent up a joint prayer for life and with their breath they symbolically wished a happy birthday to this new community.

The year is 1106 A.D. The first few tree trunks were dried and then transported to “The Place Beside the Running Water”. Another three years passed before work was begun on the building of the Great House. By 1111 A.D. the impressive three-story high walls for the Great House had been built, which contained over 400 rooms, two dozen kivas, one great kiva, and one circular labyrinth with a kiva in the middle. The leaders had brought with them several baskets full of soil from the old community... they mixed it with water and included the muddy mixture in the building of the walls of the new settlement... as a pledge of continuity.

And thus was born the new center of the Anasazi world.

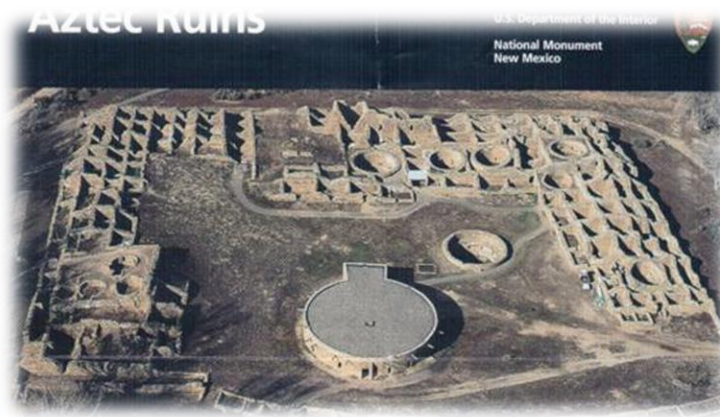


Photo 31: An aerial view of the ruins with 400 rooms, 24 kivas and one Great Kiva, Aztec, New Mexico.

The nine-hundred-year-old wood built into the external support walls is now split. I pass my hand over the rough surface. Next to it is a row of faded greenish stone tiles.



Photo 32: Wooden support beam of 1111 A.D. in the walls of the Western Ruins, Aztec, New Mexico.

Aztec, according to archeologists' theories, was a peripheral colony of Chaco Canyon. It was built in the beginning of the 12th century at a time when Chaco Canyon was at its zenith. After another 75 years the

doors of the Great House in Aztec were closed, the Anasazi having left without a trace. This happened at the same time as the closing of all the settlements of Chaco Canyon 100 km to the south.

The question which seems to contradict the official claims is this: Why would the Anasazi erect such an impressive settlement so far from their original home? As a new “capital city” to which they would over time be settling? Since the city was abandoned at the same time as Pueblo Bonito and the other towns of Chaco Canyon, it seems obvious that this idea of a “new center” doesn’t make sense.

This question remains unanswered for the time being.

Perhaps the problem is in the question itself? It may make sense from our perspective, but why would the Anasazi be thinking in the same way that we do?

It didn’t take long for me to be reminded of Melvin. He is now in Farmington, thirty kilometers from where I am now. This is the hometown of one of the teenagers, Ann Seiferle-Valencia, who worked on this Anasazi project for four years. She analyzed the kind of corn found in the ruins here and concluded that the Anasazi had created a new hybrid of corn. This more advanced form was then planted in Chaco Canyon, in the center of their civilization.

The ground-floor walls are about a meter thick. Typical of the construction of the Anasazi. In the extension of the western wall, a pile has been separated off where I could recognize three rows of circular walls. I recall an identical type of construction in Chaco Canyon in the town of Pueblo del Arroyo. Three concentric

circular walls. Here, the walls are better preserved so it can be confirmed that it is a labyrinth, as I had guessed when I was looking at it in Chaco Canyon. The intersecting walls form a series of rooms inside the circles; inside the interior ring there are eight rooms, and within the exterior ring there are fourteen. Between the outer rooms there are some passages; the internal rooms looked onto the central circular room. The kiva, the place for meeting and spiritual journeys.

In the world of the Anasazi, there have been found only four such labyrinths with a kiva in the middle. Of those four, three of them are located here. What is the symbolism of this settlement with regard to the spiritual aspects of the Anasazi?

The excavated labyrinth has again been covered with soil, supposedly because its maintenance would be too expensive. Two other labyrinths, even larger in dimension, have not been excavated. How is it that the richest country in the world has no interest in caring for its historical and cultural heritage?

The young archeologist Earl Morris, who was born and raised in this region, spent five years (1916 - 1921) in intensive excavation of the ruins around Aztec. Then, in 1934, a two-year-long project of restoration of the Great Kiva was begun. When it was finished, it was (and still is) the only reconstructed Anasazi kiva in existence.

Looking at this construction undertaking, it becomes clear how much organization, work and material the Anasazi invested into their buildings.

One enters the kiva through an antechamber with a massive stone tile inside it, like a throne. Were the processes and ceremonies observed from this location?



Photo 33: The author inside the only reconstructed kiva (1934) in the world of the Anasazi, Aztec, New Mexico.

Three meters below ground level is the floor of the kiva. It has a radius of 16 meters. A stone bench encircles the room. Fifteen rooms, at the surface level, overlook the central room. Each of them has an exit onto the main square. The purpose of these rooms is unknown. The first thing which occurred to me when I entered one of the rooms was that each room might belong to a different clan or extended family. The family heads might be in the main room and their members might attend the rituals from a distance in the smaller elevated rooms.

Inside the kiva, there are four massive columns which held up the roof weighing 95 tons. The pillars rested on four granite disks brought from a distance of about 70 km. The original walls were painted with red and white paint.

I look into every corner. I touch the walls. I examine the openings. I pass through each of the rooms. The pictures from Chaco Canyon and all the settlements which have kivas become more complete. I feel that I am a step closer to experiencing the life of the Anasazi.

The Anasazi celebrated the mystery of life. They sang ancient songs which they accompanied with the rhythm of their drums... and of their hearts. They danced in honor of the animals and plants with whom they shared life in this “Place beside running water”. Through rituals, they vibrated on the same frequency as mother Earth. They believed that their lives and their interactions should reflect the cosmic harmony. They followed the paths of the Sun, the Moon, the planets and constellations, because those heavenly bodies were a part of their legends and of the understanding of their own origin.

Diving into the depth of one’s own soul stimulated the Anasazi to “remember to remember”. Not to forget who they were, where they came from, the relation between them, their ancestors, and mother Earth.



Photo 34: The Great Kiva has a radius of 16 meters, and the supporting pillars rest on four underground granite disks, Aztec, New Mexico.

Everyone went out and formed a circle at the center of the square. The drummers go out of the Great Kiva at the moment when the Sun appears on the horizon. From the rooftops, the ceremonial announcers begin to call out: “They are coming, the Clouds and the Rainbow, the Deer and the Buffalo, the Maize, all are coming!”

One by one the dancers come out of the kiva. They line up on the square which looks toward the east. They greet the Sun and spread out for the dance, the men and the women – two living lines. Slowly, the drummers begin to give a rhythm and to sing the song of life. The men, in cotton outfits, with bright colored feathers, belts decorated with shells, move their body and lift their feet to the rhythm of the drums, and they strike the ground in the rhythm of their beating hearts.

The women, in their ceremonial cloaks, gently and gracefully move their feet in a feminine rhythm of life which creates, sustains, and gives life...

Then the men and women dance together, inviting all present to remember to remember who they are and where they come from and their ties with their ancestors. After that the clan leaders withdraw into the Great Kiva, the symbol of the first House that the Anasazi made after they came from the depths of the bowels of the Earth. In the kiva the leaders will again revive the memory of the first story. The kiva is the center of the cosmos where the six sacred sides have their nucleus, where the Anasazi are again spiritually connected with their ancestors...



Photo 35: The roof of the Great Kiva weighed 95 tons and was one of the engineering feats of the Anasazi, Aztec, New Mexico.

The kiva left a deep impression on me. I slowly leave the Great House of the Anasazi. One more look at the settlement. On the path there is a sign which says that there is no admittance to the Eastern Ruins and the Earl Morris Ruins. Not open to the public. And there has not been any significant excavation of them, either. The Eastern Ruins are larger than the Western Ruins, which I have just come from. And the Great Kiva there is bigger than the reconstructed one I just visited.



Photo 36: Fifteen smaller rooms look out on the central room of the Great Kiva and were probably a place for the representatives of the various clans, Aztec, New Mexico.

These Great Houses were built after 1225 A.D. This was the second phase in the development of “the Place Beside the Running Water”. With the abandonment of all settlements in Chaco Canyon in about 1185 A.D., all the other Anasazi settlements were also closed, including this one at Aztec. After a pause of forty years, the Anasazi once again came to Aztec, renovated the Western Ruins and built another two Great Houses.

At that time, the main influence of the Anasazi came from the north. From the settlement of the Mesa Verde Canyon in Colorado. The life and rituals in Aztec again blossomed. And again, this phase lasts only 75 years. Around 1300 A.D., the Anasazi of “The Place Beside the Running Water” forever left their Great House at the same time as the Anasazi in the north.

After that, a blank period of 200 years sets in. Until the Navaho come from the northern Canadian plains and discover the long-since abandoned buildings.

Now it seems to me that the path beckons to me from the north. I hope to find new and more answers in the Colorado canyons.

MESA VERDE

Mesa Verde, Colorado

From New Mexico to the Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado the road goes through a reservation of Utah Indians.

The Utah are typical Indians of the land of North America. Two thousand years ago, they were in the Great Lakes region around the current border between the U.S. and Canada. They gradually moved toward the south until about 1500 A.D. when they settled in the Four Corners area of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah.

Their name in translation means “Land of the Sun”. It was from these Indians that the State of Utah got its name. At one time, the territory of that state completely belonged to Indian nomads. However, things began to change with the arrival of the white man and settlers; in this case, the Mormons. The Indians were forced to abandon their nomadic way of life. The Utah resisted, because of their belief that remaining in one place would mean sure starvation. But the Mormons took more and more land, and by 1869 the northern branch of the Utah was limited to a narrow strip of land for their reservation.

In 1859, the southern branch of the Utah Indians in Colorado had worked in cooperation with the American Army in battle against the Navaho, thinking that they would win themselves a better position. Ironically, both the Navaho and the Utah were put into reservations in the same year, 1868.

Nonetheless, the Utah reservation was given an enviable 56 million acres, which was a third of Colorado. However, the expansion of the railroad, exploitation of

oil and grazing rights were used as an excuse by the white man to take away parts of the reservation such that, by 1934, only the worst ten percent of the original territory remained.

Why is this story of the Utah Indians typical? Before the arrival of the Europeans on North American soil, the total number of natives (“Indians”) was, according to various estimates, between five and 40 million. Today there are fewer than one million! The Spanish genocide in Central and South America was accompanied by an Anglo genocide in North America.

The number of Utah went from a few tens of thousands to a total of four thousand. I pass through the “Reservation of South Utah Indians” in the southern part of Colorado. It is a narrow strip of barren rocky desert twenty kilometers wide and 150 kilometers long. Only 350 people live there. Official statistics state that “the Utah live in communities with permanent homes where electricity was installed in 1964 and their children are bussed to school; they have found employment in agriculture and in the casino in Towaoc.”

The Utah settled these parts two hundred years after the departure of the Anasazi. Like the Navaho, they did not touch the abandoned towns. They thought that the spirits of the Anasazi were still living in the ruins and they therefore gave them the status of sacred, protected places.

I leave the reservation; before me lies the green of the National Forests of San Juan. Another hour and a half and I enter Mesa Verde National Park. Although it has been under the protection of the law since 1906, the settlements in the canyon had already been vandalized during the 19th century.

July 1891. In Durango (Colorado), over 600 original objects from the Mesa Verde Canyon are packed to be sent to Sweden. The young baron Gustaf Nordenskiöld is returning home to Europe after a successful archeological research project. Had he been able to look into the future, Gustaf would have learned the unhappy news that soon after his return he would come down with tuberculosis and die at the age of 26. Great changes would occur in Scandinavia, with Finland declaring its independence a quarter of a century later from Russia and Sweden, and the valuable collection would end up in the National Museum in Helsinki. But his brother, also an archeologist, Erland Nordenskiöld, was to live into his late seventies and be remembered for his visits to Bolivia and his research on the cities of the Inca.

The departure of this collection from American soil was to result in local protests and the passage of a law declaring Mesa Verde Canyon a national park fifteen years later.

It would take more than a century before the book written by Gustaf about his visit to the canyon (“The Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde”) with notes made in his own hand and photographs (valued at \$3,500) was to find its way to the library of the local Anasazi Museum in Cortez.

Gustaf Nordenskiöld investigated parts of the canyon with John Wetherill, one of three brothers who engaged in such research. The older brothers, Al and Richard Wetherill, ranchers and self-taught archeologists, first visited Mesa Verde in 1882. The beginning was not promising because all the paths were neglected and overgrown with weeds and brush. However, the brothers soon began to find one of the settlements after another in the rock. Some of them were completely untouched, and the thrill that they experienced was similar to that of those who opened the doors of untouched tombs of the Egyptian pharaohs.

Mesa Verde (Spanish for “green table”, named after the grassy plateaus at the top of the canyon) includes 5000 Anasazi ruins. Twenty of them have been excavated, stabilized and opened to the public. Most of them are smaller in size but some of them are still untouched and protected for future generations of archeologists.

At the entrance to the National Park there is a surface of 200 square kilometers of plateau with a long, bare rock top. Characteristic of the world of the Anasazi. On the cliffs, there are the usual petroglyphs which track the motion of heavenly bodies.



Photo 37: Entrance to the Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado where 5000 Anasazi ruins are located.

To get to the Visitors Center one must drive along a 30-kilometer winding road. I stand at the lookout point known as Park Point, from which one can have an unhindered view for hundreds of miles over the corners of the four American states. This is the highest point around, with an elevation of 2800 meters. It is also the

location of a round house with radar and antenna which serve for forest fire prevention. On that day, a young woman ranger was on duty. Unfortunately, entrance to this little house and conversation with the ranger was not allowed.

Several recent disastrous fires in the years around the turn of the millennium have stripped these mountain cliffs in the National Park of their trees, but, at the same time, have exposed several previously unnoticed Anasazi ruins.

The most famous parts of Mesa Verde are the settlements built high into the very sides of the cliffs themselves. The cliffs are several hundred meters high, and the caverns of the settlements are very inaccessible. Despite this, hundreds of such settlements, small and large, had been carefully built over a short period of time.

In the official description I read: “The settlements in the rocks were built between the late 1190s and the 1270s. They vary from a one-room home to a settlement of over 200 rooms. The builders adapted the structures into the available space in the cliffs. The Anasazi lived in these settlements for less than 100 years. Around the year 1300, Mesa Verde was abandoned.”

These dates provide me with some answers. First, the building in these cliffs begins at a time when the Anasazi have abandoned Chaco Canyon, located 160 km to the south. Could it be that the Anasazi had moved into these inaccessible cliffs in Colorado in the face of some great danger?

Second, the investment of such an enormous building effort into the creation of settlements in which they would live for less than a hundred years once again seems illogical.

Third, all the settlements of Mesa Verde were

abandoned at the same time. In a time of peace. Almost as if the people had been led away. The first researchers here found all the household objects in usable form. The people had not moved away. They thought that they would return.

These dilemmas are running through my head as I pay my entrance fee to look around the ruins. Here, all the settlements can be visited only under the supervision of a park ranger. No-one is allowed to wander around on his own, to take a stone or pick a wildflower or otherwise disturb what is here.

A few kilometers from the Visitors Center is where the visit to the first settlement begins. This is called “the Big House with a Balcony”. Waiting for the ranger, I continue to read the brochure.

It attempts to make the thousand years of the presence of man in this area fit into the theory of evolution. First nomads, then farmers. Primitive settlements and then more complex ones. From straw baskets to ceramics. And half-naked Indians walking on the stone roads in the official brochures.

However... All those problems for contemporary science which were posed by Chaco Canyon are likewise present in the case of Mesa Verde Canyon.

First, the presence of people here was sporadic until the end of the 12th century. Then suddenly, we have a population boom. So what we have is new arrivals. Probably a few hundred families.

Second, the amount of material used for all these settlements in such a short period exceeds the capacity of the available work force. Unless they had some mental or other superior construction techniques which have since been forgotten.

Just as the Anasazi roads which spread out radially from Chaco Canyon were some kind of wonder, equally mysterious is the question of how the Mesa Verde Anasazi managed to move tons of material into the caverns in the cliffs. What kind of “cranes” did they use?

And finally, where did they get the scaffolding that they used to paint these structures at several hundred meters up?

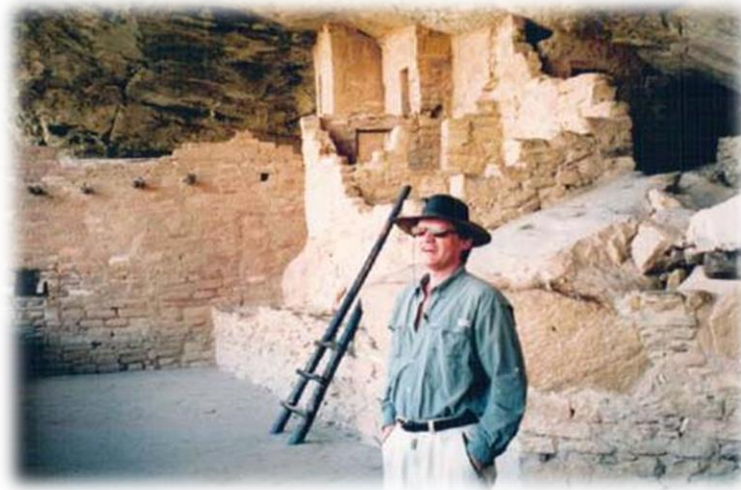
From the parking lot at the top of Soda Canyon, narrow paths go toward the middle of the cliffs. Descending along the cliff, one comes to wide wooden ladders. The ranger warns that we must be careful as we climb the fifteen-meter-high ladders.



Photo 38: The Anasazi settlement known as “the House with a Balcony” was built in a cavern on the steep cliffs of the Mesa Verde Canyon, Colorado.

“The House with a Balcony” has 45 rooms and two kivas. It was named for the still untouched natural terrace with a low wall which is located in front of four of the rooms in the depth of the cavern in the cliff. This was the first level rocky ground I stood on after climbing the ladder.

A view toward the bottom of the canyon below and the cliff across the way... a completely new experience. The first feeling I have is a sense of security. Somewhat illogical, I think to myself, to find myself at this height, in a rocky precipice, and to feel secure.



**Photo 39: The author on the terrace of the Anasazi
“House with a Balcony”, Mesa Verde Canyon,
Colorado.**

Is this because of the make-up of the rock and its influence on our organism?

On the one hand, it is a logical conclusion that the basic reason for the construction of these settlements in such an inaccessible location would be for protection. But from what? The weather, animals, enemies?

Yes and no.

Such an enormous building project is out of proportion to the need for protection against the Sun or against predators. I sense that the danger must have been a much greater one.

What was the force that could have driven the Anasazi, astronomers and superior seers, to abandon Chaco

Canyon?

And what did the Mesa Verde Anasazi have to deal with that they had to build not one but thousands of structures within these inaccessible cliffs just to spend a rather short period of time?

And then, unexpectedly and inexplicably, to go off to some unknown place?



Photo 40: An extraordinary effort was required to build such a settlement, but, after building it, the Anasazi suddenly and mysteriously abandoned it.



Photo 41: The approach to the “House with a balcony” settlement goes across narrow and inaccessible passageways and steep cliffs.

MESA VERDE ASTRONOMERS

Mesa Verde, Colorado

Mesa Verde is, in area, the largest archeological park in the U.S. and, in the estimate of many, the most significant national historical location. UNESCO declared it a part of the world's heritage in 1978. This is because several hundred settlements were built here in these craggy crevices in a period of less than a hundred years.

Traces of human habitation at the top of the canyon go back thousands of years. How did it happen that suddenly those places were left and construction was begun on the high and dangerous cliffs? And with such unexpected intensity?

Archeologists first posited the theory of an external threat. Indeed, the inaccessible cliffs are easily defended. However, no evidence of such a threat has been found. As the chief archeologist there for fourteen years, Gilbert Wenger, said: "If there was a threat, who were the enemy? There is no evidence of any other peoples other than the Anasazi in this region."



Photo 42: The cliffs of the canyon where the most spectacular settlement was situated in a cavern, the "Cliff Palace", Mesa Verde, Colorado.

I crawl through a tunnel in the rock which is seven meters long. The narrow opening of only about 60 cm (24 inches) takes me by surprise. Clearly, the Anasazi did not get overweight. If they had, they would not have been able to leave the “Great House with a balcony”.

After a steep climb, I am back at the parking lot. A ten-minute drive takes me to the next destination. I wait for the ranger to lead us on the tour of the most spectacular structure in the canyon: “Cliff Palace”.

Of course, the Anasazi did not have palaces or nobility. However, in 1888, Richard Wetherill was reminded of an ancient palace when he saw this place and therefore gave it this name.

The descent along this improvised path takes several minutes. And then, as you are coming around a wide rock, before your eyes lies the “Cliff Palace”. This complex is built into a cavern which is 110 meters wide and 30 meters deep. The harmonious structures do not hinder the view of the surroundings; to the contrary, the whole thing gives the impression that the mighty canyon has given birth to this little town.

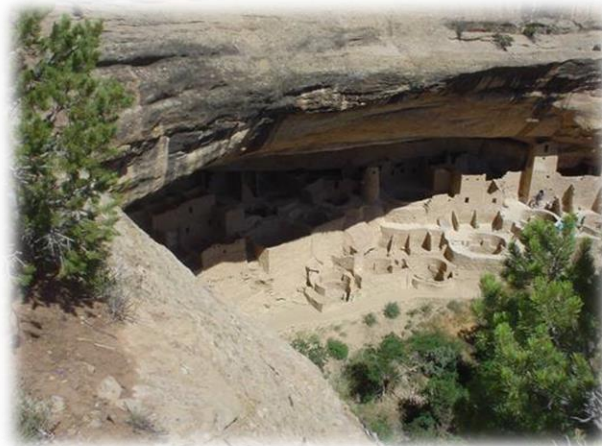


Photo 43: The Anasazi Apartment Complex, the “Cliff Palace”, is built into a cavern 110 meters wide and 30 meters deep, Mesa Verde, Colorado.

A four-story-high tower connects the floor and ceiling of the cavern. The circular kivas remind us of the spirituality of their builders. The picturesque rooms one next to another leave no unused space. Smaller kivas are more numerous and are neatly arranged along the length of the settlement – it is clear that the individual clans used them. The larger kivas are in prominent locations. In the “attic” of the tiny village, next to the ceiling of the cavern, narrow, deep and long rooms were built. These were clearly for the storage of food.

There are a total of 220 rooms and 23 kivas.

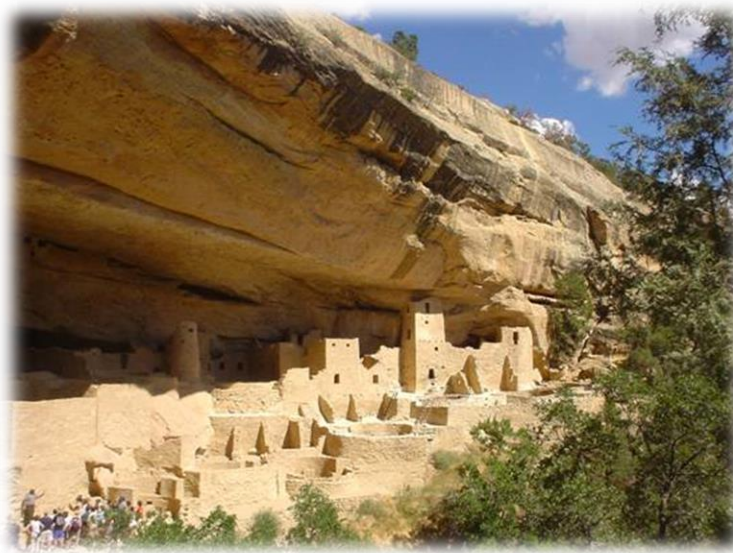


Photo 44: Mesa Verde Canyon, the “Cliff Palace” settlement; circular kivas remind us of the spirituality of their builders.

The same sensation comes over me as with the “House with the balcony”: this settlement is hidden, protected, but with an excellent view of the canyon.

Where are the astronomic markings, I ask myself. I know that in all Anasazi settlements the movement of the Sun and the Moon were followed. Usually, they had a special location, most often a naturally protruding

precipice, from which they could observe the rising and setting of the Sun, especially in the days preceding and following the winter solstice. For example, in Chaco Canyon there were two rocks between which the Sun's rays passed for twenty days before the solstice. Or, to give another example, the arrangement of the windows at Pueblo Bonito allowed them to follow the Sun's movement for three weeks preceding December 22.

The "Cliff Palace" faces the southwest. The sunset could easily be seen but everything on the horizon was flat providing no natural orientation point.

However, directly opposite the "Cliff Palace," on the other side of the canyon, 290 meters away, there is a strange object which had been erected in the shape of the letter "D". It is called "the Temple of the Sun." Of course, the shape of the letter "D" is typical of the architecture of Chaco Canyon. But most intriguing is the position of the temple. It is not within a cavern of the cliff but on the very edge of the canyon.

From that side of the canyon, the Temple of the Sun forms an orientation point on the horizon. So, now we need to find a place inside the settlement where observation of the Sun would have been done around the time of the winter solstice.

At the southernmost point of the settlement there is a small stone platform with a concave shape. If one looks from there toward the center of the Temple of the Sun, which consists of two round rooms, then an artificial cosmic marker is created. The Sun on the horizon moves between the two rooms in the spring. And, once again, because of that, the Anasazi did not need a calendar.

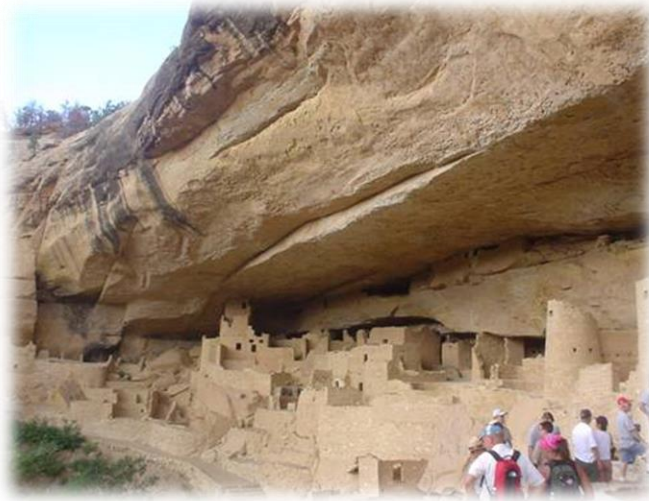


Photo 45: Life blossomed here between 1180 - 1279 A.D. and then the Anasazi peacefully and permanently abandoned the “Cliff Palace” and all other settlements in Mesa Verde.

Two questions occur to me. First, why build an entire building with circular and square rooms and walls in order to get a marker on the horizon? Would it not be easier to erect two stone structures on the other side of the canyon?

Second, why is the winter solstice so important? Legends of the Hopi and Pueblo Indians, and the resultant conclusions of the white man, talk of a “fear” of the Indians that the Sun will stop rising which is why they felt the need to carry out ceremonies and rituals to prevent that from happening. Of course, this explanation does not satisfy me. There must have been a connection between the position of our planet and the energy level which was obtained from the Sun at the time of the winter solstice. And the Anasazi seers carefully followed anything that would influence the energy potential of our planet.

The young woman ranger has spent twenty minutes

explaining how the canyon came into being several tens of millions of years ago with the withdrawal of the ocean and how it went through a process of erosion. She mentions the first traces of human habitation, the building of settlements in the cliffs as a form of defense from the elements and potential enemies. She claims that the Anasazi left because of drought and lack of food. The group is pausing in front of the Great Kiva. “This was a ceremonial room, like our churches,” she goes on to say.



Photo 46: The Great Kiva at the “Cliff Palace” from which the seers followed the influence of the Sun on the energy level of the Planet, Mesa Verde Canyon, Colorado.

However, there is no mention by ranger of astronomical markers, the Sun Temple, or spiritual journeys into another dimension.

The name of the Temple of the Sun comes from one stone block with an indentation which has a small channel on the side. It looks like a sunflower or like a child’s drawing of the Sun with many rays. This stone block is not the result of human sculpting but rather the

result of erosion. But it is obvious that it was brought to this place and built into a place between three stone walls forming a kind of altar.

An identical symbol is to be found in many petroglyphs and examples of art carved in stone in the world of the Anasazi.

In cultures all over our planet we encounter some kind of worship of the sun. Civilization after civilization seems to indicate that it is the origin of life, knowledge and streams of energy.



Photo 47: Astronomic petroglyphs used by the Anasazi, who follow the lunar, solar, and 18.6-year Metonic cycle of the Moon; Mesa Verde, Colorado.

“Here we have a four-story stone tower. It contains an example of original art and color of the Anasazi. Do not use movie cameras or flash bulbs,” our attractive ranger instructs us.

The tower is empty inside. Of the floor and ceiling only, a few beams remain. One is only allowed to look in through the window. This was enough, however, for me to stick my camera inside and take “a shot in the dark.” (I must admit that my flash attachment has become notoriously careless in violating the restrictions of museums and archeological parks.)

Most of the visitors shake their heads in disappointment when they see a few un-attractive geometric figures drawn on the wall with red paint. The symbolism is not clear. The rangers give no explanation other than that this is an example of “Indian art.”

Are they right?

All in all, there are three petroglyphs (or drawings in the rock).

The first drawing represents four vertical lines, each of which contains between 17 and 20 lines. It reminds me of a picture of a prison wall where the prisoner marks the days on the wall to keep track of time. The total number of marks is 74. Let us suppose these stand for years. That would mean, 74 years. Divide this into four periods (the “four vertical lines”) and we obtain an average number of 18.5. There is only one astronomic phenomenon of 18.5 which the Anasazi note. This is the period of eighteen and a half years when there is the “solstice of the Moon”. In other words, the Moon rises on the eastern horizon from various positions: during the period of “resting”, or the winter solstice every 18.5 years, it has the extreme northerly position.

If the Anasazi truly noted this celestial phenomenon, two questions occur to me. Why were only four cycles shown on the wall? And second, what was the influence of the Moon's position of “resting” on the energy level of the Earth?

To this first question the answer probably lies in the length of the stay of the Anasazi in this canyon. Research through dendrochronology has confirmed that these settlements were built between 1180 - 1279 A.D. In that period there were four “restings” of the Moon: the first began in 1187, and the fourth ended in 1280 A.D.

The answer to the second question should also be logical. The various positions of the Sun and Moon influence the energy levels of the planet.

I come across to another pictograph which is at the same height as the previous one. A rectangle is drawn on a white background. It is divided down the middle by a line on which there are twelve marks on each side. In the left and right half of the rectangle there are zig-zag lines. Twelve on each side. As in twelve months in a year? Every month, the Moon moves from the south to the north and then again to the southernmost extreme position in the sky. Thus the zig-zag line. Twelve zig-zag lines could represent the annual monthly cycles of the Moon in the sky.

If an astronomer needed to graphically present the motion of the Moon, he would probably use a similar sketch.

And finally, the third pictograph, beneath the rectangle, shows two sets of three triangles each, with twelve circles in the middle. The number of circles could be a symbol for the annual exchange of sunrise and moonrise. And the triangles? Perhaps the peaks of the nearby La Plata Mountains on the northeast horizon?

Where these petroglyphs drawn by an artist or an astronomer? The typical ceramic bowl of the Anasazi strikes one as artistically more impressive than these pictographs. Therefore, I discard the first supposition of this as a work of art. But, if this was an astronomer’s way of describing the motion of the Moon, this could be truly

intriguing.

The location of these sketches is on the third floor of the tower. The walls of the first two stories are empty. Why just the third floor?

Further, at the top of the tower there are doors in the shape of the letter “T”. This is a design of doors which is regularly found in all Anasazi settlements. Archeologists have no definitive answer as to the purpose of this design. What I saw was that these doors generally look out on the square of the settlement and the great kivas. Their number varies usually between five and ten.

Will the position of these doors in this four-story tower finally provide a solution to this puzzle?

Let us look again at the Temple of the Sun. The position of the Moon relative to this temple cannot be followed from the bottom two floors. But it can be from the third and fourth floor. In fact, an imaginary line for following the Moon goes precisely down the center of this tower when the Moon is in the phase of “resting” every 18.5 years. The Moon is visible between the two circular rooms of the Temple of the Sun.

It seems to me that here we come upon a few answers. The towers did not have a military purpose, as the official line tries to make out, but rather an astronomic one. The doors in the shape of the letter “T” marked astronomic viewing points. In other words, examination of the Anasazi settlement and the location of this special design of doors is enough to show a visitor where the astronomers, or seers, were living.

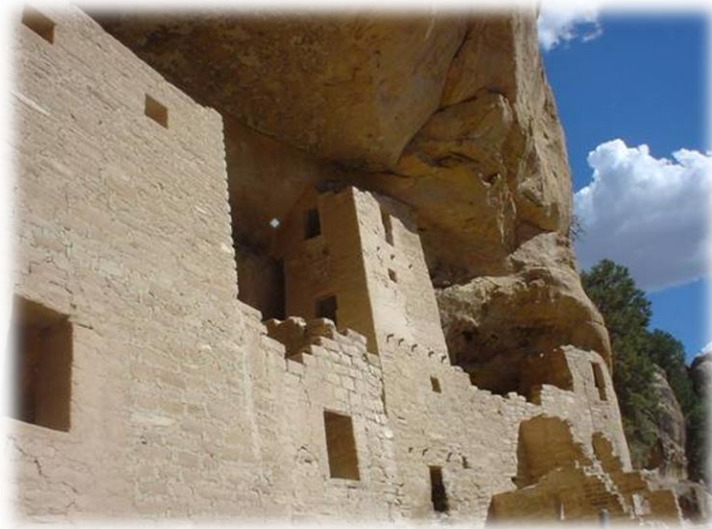


Photo 48: The four-story stone tower, once having had the function of an Anasazi observatory, Mesa Verde, Colorado.

I close my eyes and return to the beginning of the 12th century. A dark night sky. The end of December. The period of the “resting” of the Moon has begun. On the eastern horizon, precisely between the two towers of the Temple of the Sun, the full Moon appears and lights up the settlement. In the next six months, the Moon will grow in size from night to night, and will regularly appear between the two towers. Finally, after six months, when the summer solstice occurs, the path of the Sun during the day will correspond to the path of the Moon at night.

THE ANAZAZI'S LEAP TO TOTAL FREEDOM

Mesa Verde / Cortez, Colorado

Mesa Verde is unique – so different from everything else seen on this planet. The architecture is completely adapted to the caverns and grottoes in the cliff of the canyon. The tower observatories are connected by tunnels with the Great Kivas. From the stone terraces an unforgettable view extends to the horizon and miles of winding canyon. These settlements in the heights of the cliffs share this height with the eagles which occasionally are seen soaring here in search of their prey.

Every settlement has carved numbers in one of the exterior walls. “The House with a Balcony” has the number 11, “The Long House” has the number 15... The numbers were carved by the Swedish archeologist Gustaf Nordenskiöld during his 1891 visit.



**Photo 49: The Petroglyphs of Mesa Verde
symbolically represent the journey of the Anasazi and
their successors in the Fourth World.**

The Anasazi had carved their own petroglyphs into the stone in several places in the canyon. The best known is at Pictograph Point (in fact, pictograph is an incorrectly used term, because pictographs must be drawings on rock, and not symbols carved into rock, as is the case here). This petroglyph consists of an unbroken line which has spirals both at the beginning and end, and along its length there are symbols of a few animals. A group of four Hopi Indians from northeastern Arizona visited Mesa Verde in 1942 and gave their interpretation of this petroglyph.

The first spiral represents “Sipapu”, the place where the Anasazi came from the bowels of the Earth (“the Great Canyon” – Grand Canyon). The first animal, the eagle, symbolizes the Eagle Clan which separated off from other people and settled near the Grand Canyon. The Mountain Goat is a symbol of the next clan, which also separated off from the other immigrants (according to tradition, this clan settled near today’s town of Shiprock in New Mexico). Next, the parrot clan which settled further away. The green lizard inside one semicircle represents the fatal influence of the spirit of the lizard on the remaining emigrants – followed by a period of wandering and disorientation. The next figure of the “kachina” (doll) represents a being which helps people in their navigation – sending them in the right direction. The contours of the mountain lion are a sign that the all-powerful animal spirit protects people on their journeys. The line ends in a spiral which should be the end of the journey – the Mesa Verde Canyon (?). On the other side of the line there are several figures which are interpreted as the representatives of the modern-day Pueblo tribes; a small distance away from them there is the symbol for the Kachina Clan (Hopi Indians). Thus, the Hopi attempted to prove the thesis of their being the descendants of the Anasazi.

“The Long House” is the second largest settlement in the canyon with over 150 rooms of a size of 6 - 10 square meters, 21 kivas and a large rectangular terrace named the “dance square”. About a hundred people lived there 750 years ago. The four-story tower on the western end looks much like the one at the “Cliff Palace”. The construction is typical, the prepared stone tiles were placed in fresh cement. These walls were later to be covered with a layer of gypsum plaster that would give it a smooth surface which was then painted. Windows and doors were of a smaller dimension so that during the winter the warmth could be maintained. Some forty skeletons were found in this settlement. The Anasazi were of a height of about 165 cm. The bodies had been wrapped in blankets of rabbit skin and turkey feathers, with special jewelry around the head-dress.

“The House of the Square Tower” is a settlement of sixty rooms and two kivas. Its name derives from its nearly 30-meter-high tower. This is the highest structure in the canyon. It is four stories high and its astronomic function has yet to be investigated. In any event, the settlement cannot be entered but only seen from the other side of the canyon.

Next to the “Temple of the Sun”, remains were found of an “annex” on the northwest side. It was a circular room with a small tower. Viewed from the “Cliff Palace”, the sunset takes place just above the tower on the 2nd of December. This gives twenty days’ notice of the upcoming solar winter solstice.

Two kilometers north is the “Cedar House”. The tower is built in the shape of a double wall. The stone is carefully shaped to follow the circular shape of the walls. There is no doubt that this is yet another solar observatory.

From there, one has a good view of the mountain peaks of La Plata which were certainly used as clear

calendar markers for the solar winter solstice and the Moon's "resting period".

"The Juniper House" is the third largest settlement in the cliffs. The name was given by Wetherill in 1888 because of the tall juniper which was once located in front of the settlement. Built between 1200 - 1273 A.D. in a cavern seventy meters wide and thirty meters deep. It has a total of 114 rooms, eight kivas and a wide central square.

Now it is the late afternoon. The organized tour has come to an end. I slowly drive along the narrow road stopping at every marked location. It is usually just a good view of the canyon with the houses built into the cliff walls. Sometimes it is only a nice view of the canyon.

"The Hemenway House" is a settlement high in the cliffs which has not yet had access paths built to it. I estimate that it has about twenty rooms barely visible from this side of the canyon, at a distance of about 300 meters from where I am standing. The settlement was given its name based on the financial contribution for the original research given by Mary Hemenway at the end of the 19th century.

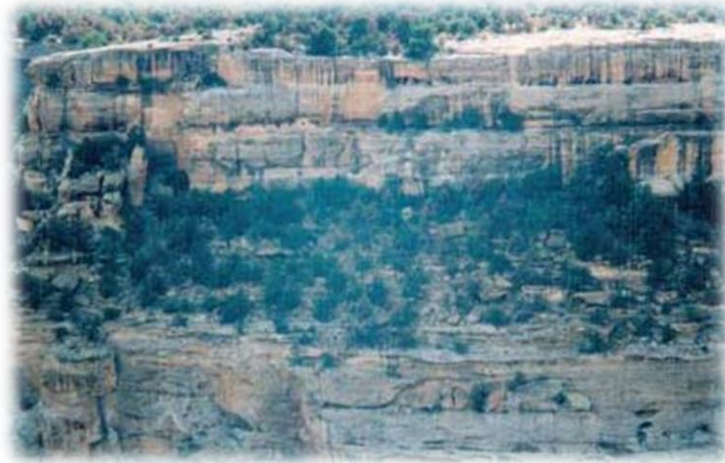


Photo 50: “The House of Many Windows”, located high in the cliffs, is barely visible from the other side of the canyon, Mesa Verde, Colorado.

A little further on is “The House of Many Windows” which had fifteen rooms. High in the nearby cliffs, there is the “Unnamed House” with 4 - 5 rooms. They are so inaccessible that it seems like these settlements were built for people with wings.

Before leaving the canyon, I stop to make notes. In my notebook there is the picture that Melvin gave me. I look at the back and see the text which I had not previously noticed: “Freedom is the gift of the Eagle,” is handwritten in small letters. How is it that I didn’t notice that before, I wonder. And just what is meant by the Eagle’s gift of freedom? From his stories I had concluded that our souls were caught upon leaving our bodies by the almighty Eagle. And now, for the first time, I encounter the theory that there exists an option of “freedom”.

I leave the Mesa Verde National Park; I sense the greenery, the serpentine road, and dusk is approaching. I am headed for the small town of Cortez in southwestern Colorado. There is a forty-minute drive ahead of me.

As I leave, I take with me three questions which lie at the heart of the mystery of the Anasazi:

1. Who were the Anasazi trying to protect themselves from so that they had to build their settlements in these cliffs where no-one but the birds had access?
2. How did they come to have so much devotion to the Sun and Moon that they did not hesitate to undertake these nearly impossible building feats simply to be able to follow their movement and positions in the heavens?
3. Did the Anasazi know of a way to avoid the inevitable fate of the soul to be captured in the Eagle's trap?

And as so often happens, I get help from something which would appear unrelated to what I am focused on. I recall the conversation between Carlos Castaneda and Don Juan in 1988. At that time, Don Juan Matus, a medicine man and “nagual”, spiritual teacher from the Yaqui Indian tribe, said this:

“We have a beast which came from the cosmic depths and has taken over our lives. This beast is our god. We are powerless before it. If we want to protest, he will quell the rebellion. If we want to become independent, he will prevent it. In our conversations all these years I have tried to indirectly say that something is holding us prisoner. For the shamans and spiritual beings of ancient Mexico these were facts of energy.”

And then he continues:

“They rule over us, because we are their source of food... The shamans of Mexico were not sure when this beast appeared on Earth. But they were sure that man was a complete being sometime in the past. That conscious

being today is only the subject of myths and legends. In one moment, it seems that everything disappears. And nothing is left of man except for a drugged and drowsy being... Man had had the destiny of becoming a magical being of light. But that magic is no more..."

The conclusion was that the negative energy which we generate feeds "the cosmic beast" spoken of by Don Juan. We are carefully raised in a sophisticated fashion to serve as their food.

I wonder whether the Anasazi seers knew about this spiritual beast which came from the depths of the cosmos? If they could see the cosmic creator ("the Eagle"), why wouldn't they be able to see one of the cosmic spiritual entities such as the "cosmic beast" spoken of by Don Juan? Especially since it feeds on our negative energy.

Did the Anasazi use these canyons in which they built their settlements for protection? With their positions being what they were, they were without a doubt points of energetic potential. Did the consistency of the rock contribute to better protection of their energy bodies? And, perhaps, disable the influence of the "cosmic beast"?

It seems to me that with this thinking I might solve the enigma of the perfectly straight roads of the Anasazi from Chaco Canyon. Those roads followed underground streams of energy. If the Anasazi were protected because of the increased energy on those roads this might explain why they have no bends in them. Because if they had followed the topography of the terrain with all its curves, bends and zigs zags, they would have been left without the underground energy protection. And that would have made them exposed to the influence of "the beast".

Why then did they leave the Chaco Canyon, as if on command, at the end of the 12th century? Had someone unplugged the “underground energy supply” and left them without that protection?

And why did they leave the inaccessible cliffs of the Mesa Verde Canyon at the end of the 13th century? Had they been discovered so that they again had to go somewhere else?

It seems to me that I am, in this way, on the way to answering the first question.

Now we need an answer to the second question regarding their obsession with the Sun and Moon. The Anasazi no doubt knew of the decisive influence of these two heavenly bodies on the energy level of our planet. Every disturbance of the Sun, such as sun spots, eclipses and special positions of the planet, has an effect on the energy supply of the Earth. Disturbed flows of energy would influence the defense capabilities of the energy beings of the Anasazi. Even the minor influences from the Moon were important to them and they therefore followed the phases of the moon as well.

The Sun fills the batteries of all its planets. Our planet is thereby given life. The Sun’s energy was an escape and the only hope of the Anasazi for resisting the attacks of a superior enemy. Therefore, the Sun was celebrated, or “worshipped”, and followed from every possible angle.

How can we get an answer to the third question about the “freedom which the Eagle offers”? The last thing that I discussed with Melvin was the seers who attained the technique of “transferring their consciousness from one part of the body to another.” Did they manage, with this manipulation, to open the door to “total freedom”?

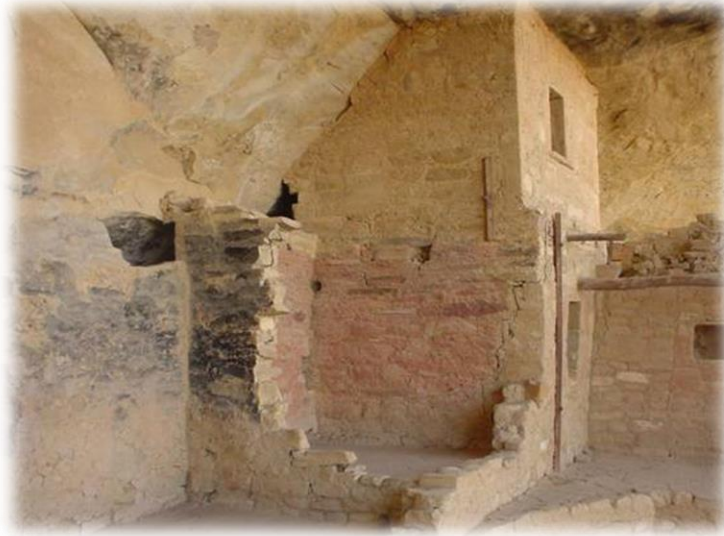


Photo 51: Who were the Anasazi protecting themselves from by building their settlements in such inaccessible cliffs?

In a Chinese restaurant I take a short break. In the center of Cortez, a performance of Navaho Indians is in preparation. The dance group led by Sheldon Manuelito from Shiprock is called “Naat’sii’liid” (“Rainbow”). I take a half-hour break to rest to the rhythm of the drums and traditional Navaho dances.



Photo 52: The “Naat’sii’liid” dance group of Navaho Indians from Shiprock, New Mexico, do their version of a rain dance in the town of Cortez, Colorado.

I get myself a room in a motel. And although I don't usually remember my dreams, the one I had there was something else. In my dream Melvin appeared. And he showed me, in a picturesque way, the human energy body. The long white strip, our consciousness, lighter than other parts, was changing position, going toward the center of the body and positioning itself horizontally.

"Control of consciousness is the path to total freedom. That freedom is the gift of the Eagle to man," I heard Melvin's voice say clearly. "In order to receive that gift, we have to have enough energy," are the last words that I remember hearing him say.

In the morning I ask myself whether I have possibly solved the Anasazi rebus.

THE WATCHTOWERS OF HOVENWEEP

Hovenweep, Utah

I pass through many miles of inhospitable environment. From the reservation of the Mountain Utah Indians I go into a reservation of the Navaho. From Colorado I cross into the state of Utah. Today's destination is a place called Hovenweep – a location of more Anasazi settlements.

It does not surprise me that the photographer William Henry Jackson gave the region this name in 1874, which means “abandoned valley”.

Hovenweep has no tourist attractions like the settlements in the cliffs of the huge canyon of Mesa Verde or the impressive role as the center of the Anasazi civilization as was Chaco Canyon. But it is, nonetheless, special for the Anasazi.

The present-day “Hovenweep National Monument” includes the ruins of six Anasazi settlements built at the top of the canyon. Among them of special interest are the ruins of towers which remind one of a medieval European fortress. This is the source of the name which it has been given.

The sunny August morning finds me in front of the entrance to Hovenweep. There are no visitors; I'll have the canyon all to myself. I do have several kilometers of hiking ahead of me between these fortress towers which still dominate the surroundings.

The first question which anyone would ask is: why

was this insignificant, isolated, and desolate canyon chosen by the Anasazi for their residence?

The remains of wood in the roofs and supporting walls of the watchtowers indicate that they were built in the short period between 1230 and 1275 A.D. This completely corresponds to the settlements in the Mesa Verde Canyon. The architecture can be ascribed to a single person: a familiar style but nonetheless with an attempt to be original.

Such watchtowers are nothing new for the Anasazi; but here, on this tiny terrain, there are round ones, and square ones, and elliptical ones and ones in the shape of the letter “D”.

After 750 years, time has had its effect. Half destroyed, without any other building beside them, these stone watchtowers have lost the elegance they once had.



Photo 53: The Anasazi built the watchtowers of Hovenweep in the state of Utah between 1230 - 1275 A.D. for astronomic observation.

A narrow path leads me to the first building of the “Canyon of Small Ruins”. This one was named “the Fortress”. From the first investigatory expeditions (by

W.D. Huntington, leader of the Mormon expedition in 1854 and the archeologist, J.W. Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institute in 1917), the structures at Hovenweep were given names which sound as if they were used for defensive purposes.

Thus, it was the case for the “Fortress”. The shapes of the walls do have this appearance and the impression of a fortress is reinforced by another nearby tower. This is all that remains of what was once a settlement consisting of fifteen buildings which collapsed over time into the canyon below. The wooden support beams have rotted, the mortar has disappeared and stone has fallen from stone. The width and length of the buildings was adapted perfectly to the rocks on which they rested. At least, the rocks remain witness to one thing: a great effort was invested into their proper shaping for construction.

The path leads me to the edge of the canyon. A tiny path continues down toward the bottom of the canyon. There is a sound in the bushes. A rabbit points his ears at me like antenna, trying to figure out my intentions. There is no breath of wind; I wonder whether there was ever water running through this canyon. Why was this rock and brush so attractive to the Anasazi that they should build and live here for 50 years?

On the other side of the canyon, I now approach the “Twin Watchtowers”. Once, these twins housed 16 rooms. Their design is fascinating: raised on two great boulders which were used as a foundation. One tower is oval, the other is shaped like a horseshoe. They were carefully built with a combination of thick and thin stone blocks. On one of the doors there are still traces of the original wooden frame.



Photo 54: “The Twin Towers” – one oval and one horse-shoe shaped is all that remains of what was once a 16-room building, Hovenweep, Utah.

Once again I am faced with questions regarding these buildings. Were they in fact defense towers? No evidence of battles was ever found. Or the remains of weapons. And who would fight for this inhospitable gorge in the middle of nowhere? It is clear that these were not fortress watchtowers.

I go on further. “Rimrock House” is yet another inappropriate name for an Anasazi building. The remaining rock walls show that this was not a house that was lived in – there are no separate rooms. There is, however, a whole series of small openings in the walls, at various angles. Once, this was a two-story rectangular structure – what was its purpose?

At the bottom of the canyon is the “Circular tower”, an almost a perfectly circular two-story tower.

During the walk along the edge of the canyon, my only companionship is provided by lizards. And the sweat under my hat.

“Hovenweep House” is the remains of what was once a complex at the end of the canyon. The remaining walls

rest on a boulder; because of that it is possible to see the construction methods used. As was the case at Mesa Verde, rectangular stone blocks were thrown into a mass of mortar and pressed together; over the top came a thick layer of gypsum.



Photo 55: The Anasazi “Rimrock House”, with many openings in the wall used for marking the movement of the Sun, Hovenweep, Utah.

Finally, after two hours in the canyon, I approach the “Hovenweep Castle” complex. The best-preserved building of this “fortress” offers us, at the same time, the most answers. Two towers in the shape of the letter “D” have walls of a thickness of between 60 cm and one meter. Near the bottom of one of the towers, openings were found built into the wall. Through them, one can observe the play of shadows on the wall during the two solar solstices (winter and summer) and the autumn and spring equinoxes.

Two openings lead into two different rooms; the wooden frames of the door are lit up only during these four days each year. The rays fall on the frame of the door which leads into the “Sun Room” on the day of the summer solstice. Before the setting of the Sun one can clearly follow how the Sun’s rays go over the wall to

finally end at the door.

I hear human voices. Two elderly men are walking toward me. We introduce ourselves. They come from Belgium and they have spent three weeks visiting this region. They tell me about a nearby museum which has a good collection of ceramics. One of these two men is a professional photographer and, as a consequence, my visit here soon gets recorded on tape by him.



**Photo 56: The author in front of the Anasazi
“Hovenweep Castle” – openings in the tower create a
play of shadows during the solar solstices,
Hovenweep, Utah.**

A few hundred meters on, we come to the “Unit-Type House”. Archeologists have declared this to be a typical unit of Anasazi construction. One kiva is surrounded by six rooms for living in or storing objects in. The kiva corresponds to the Mesa Verde style. Something which is new is the addition of four openings built into the eastern wall which were probably used to mark the position of the Sun at the time of the solstices. Specifically, in the second half of December, the Sun’s rays enter through one of the portals and fall on the northwest corner of the room. In the summer, it is the southwest wall which plays this part.

The markers for the Sun are located also in the complex of ruins known as the “Cajon Group”. There are three openings in the western wall of the tower. Two of them allow the Sun’s rays to fall in at the time of the summer solstice; the third serves as an orientation point, because it lets in the Sun’s rays during the winter solstice. These so-to-speak calendars no doubt had signs in the walls to indicate the approach of the various Sun positions. The plaster with such marks has since disappeared so that the original appearance of the wall will remain a secret.

Lastly, near the “Holly House” there are two large boulders covered with a third one, like a roof. It blocks most of the Sun’s rays during the year. In the small passageway, the Anasazi had carved two large spirals and one symbol of the Sun in the rock. These petroglyphs are identical to those in Chaco Canyon in the rocks of Fajada Butte.



Photo 57: The petroglyphs of the Anasazi, two spirals and a symbol of the Sun, are carved in the rocks near the “Holly House” settlement and served for astronomic observation.

During the spring equinox, the Sun’s rays briefly light up only the symbol of the Sun. After that, the Sun is no longer seen in this corridor. Its dramatic return occurs

just before the summer solstice. Then the Sun emanates two loops of light which can be seen in the middle of the spiral and on the Sun symbol.

Did the Anasazi bring these boulder blocks to this place or did they, observing the effects of the Sun on the wall, subsequently carve their petroglyphs?

There are so many astronomic symbols in such a small space that it seems to me that every other building had the purpose of observing the Sun's position. Whether these watchtowers and buildings of Hovenweep had other astronomic purposes as well remains unclear. Astro-Archeology is limited to what is left of these ruins.

However, even that gives us enough for several conclusions.

First, this is the last ("Mesa Verde") phase of the Anasazi. The same style can be followed over a vast area. And this was in a very short interval of time, which opens the question of their means of communication.

Second, only a few families at Hovenweep accomplished an enormous construction undertaking in this rocky land. Without metal tools, they built very impressive buildings.

Third, it seems that the sole reason for their stay here was connected with the observation of the position of the Sun and (probably) the Sun's influence on the Earth.

And fourth, the Anasazi of Hovenweep left this canyon at the same time when the doors of the Mesa Verde settlements were finally closed for good.

Life in this isolated place now known as Hovenweep had ceased. The Anasazi had made the decision: "We must go!"



Photo 58: In the isolated Hovenweep canyon, the Anasazi found a temporary refuge, their energy protected by the beneficent effect of the Sun.

AN INDIAN SKY ABOVE ARIZONA

Northeastern Arizona

From Hovenweep I head south and enter the territory of a Navaho reservation. It is a drive through rocky land with sparse scrub. To the east lies the silhouette of the “Sleeping Ute Mountain”. The twenty-kilometer-long mountain protects the Utah Indian center from west winds.

A careful look at the contours of the mountain gives the distinct impression of an Indian lying asleep: his head is to the north, his arms crossed over his chest, his stomach, hips, knees, feet and even his toes are clearly visible. Legend says that the great holy warrior came to help the ancestors of the Utah against their evil enemies. After a battle in which the holy warrior was wounded, he lay down and fell into a deep sleep.



Photo 59: The Sleeping Ute Mountain looks very much like the figure of an Indian stretched out in sleep— legend says that he will rise again.

When fog and clouds gather over the Sleeping Ute, changes in the weather are coming. When clothed in light green, spring is coming; dark green means summer. Yellow and red are the colors of fall, and white is winter. When clouds gather at the highest peak, the deity is bringing rain in his pockets. The Utah Indians believe he will rise again and help his people in the battle against the (modern?) enemy.

Before the Utah, the sleeping mountain was settled by the Anasazi. In the cliffs of Mancos Canyon they erected their settlements. Visiting these parts can only be done by appointment and with a Utah Indian guide. The settlements were built around the year 1140 A.D. and were lived in for only one generation. A second wave occurred in 1195 A.D. when the “Eagle’s Nest”, “House Beside the Tree” and other settlements were again occupied and expanded. The round stone kivas and the typical stone towers were fused with the caverns in the cliffs. The remains of murals in the kivas are still visible today. Life thrived for another generation and then the Anasazi withdrew from here forever.

I leave the Sleeping Ute behind me and after another thirty-kilometer drive I climb up to a plateau. I’ll take a break at the parking lot at the point where the four U.S. states – Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona – meet. A granite plaque with the names of the states is a magnet for visitors. They stand on the circle which enables them to be in four states at the same time. I, too, could not resist this opportunity.



Photo 60: At “Four Corners” – where one can be in four states at the same time –Arizona, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico.

The scorching hot August day does not allow me to spend a lot of time stopping at the Navaho and Utah Indian souvenir stands. Ceramics, semi-precious stones and jewelry, hides, arrows, sketches, paintings, textiles, and a special technique of drawing with colored sands... the only time the traders of “Navaho Tacos” had for me was to sell me souvenirs.

The Four Corners Monument now behind me, I proceed to a place where there is a “Welcome to Arizona” sign and then another which says, “Welcome to the Navaho Nation”. The scenery doesn’t change. Inhospitable rock and scrub.



Photo 61: Welcome to the Navaho Nation in Arizona – with 100,000 members it is the largest Indian group in the U.S.

The Navaho with 100,000 members are the largest Indian group in the U.S. That number and the size of the reservations are only a fraction of what they once were. First, they were subjugated by the Spaniards (and mercilessly ravaged by smallpox) in the 16th and 17th centuries, and then, with the invasion of the white man, they were defeated, transplanted and closed up into reservations in 1868.

Let us back up a bit for a better picture.

The Anasazi already had a developed civilization throughout the territory of the American southwest in the 10th century. It was then, from the north, that the warring Navaho tribes arrived on the scene. These inferior nomads first battled with the Anasazi.

It is from that time that the Navaho name “Anasazi” comes – meaning “the enemies of our ancestors”. Later, the Navaho cease fighting this significantly more developed civilization and begin to learn from them. They start their first agricultural undertakings, weave baskets, paint with colored sand...

The Navaho are fascinated by the advanced spiritual knowledge of the Anasazi who manage to control meteorological conditions (“calling the rain” at will) and to foresee the position of the Sun, Moon, and stars and their influence upon the Earth.

They become aware of the fact that the Anasazi have an explanation for the complex spiritual world around them. Three categories of spiritual beings: (1) the souls of the dead, which are connected with the clouds, because in communication with them the Anasazi can provide for the coming of the rains, (2) the kachina, a name given to the spiritual beings which symbolize the forces of nature and the cosmic bodies, and (3) the “deities”, which represent the strength of creation (the Sun), life (the Earth), power and subjugation (the serpent), and deterioration (death).

It is not surprising that the Anasazi had a significant influence on the formation of the Navaho philosophy, art, and astrology.

The Navaho took from the Anasazi their emphasis on harmony with nature. Likewise, the mutual connectedness between people and the world of the soul.

The Navaho understood the deep truths of the Anasazi that every man has the responsibility toward the cosmos to live his life uprightly. And just as the harmony of the universe acts beneficially on a man, likewise every individual should contribute to the health of the cosmos.

The Navaho learned from the Anasazi how to observe the sky. For example, the seasonal motion of the tail of Scorpio (Gah heet’e’ii) the Navaho used to determine the beginning of the hunting season.

There are a total of 36 constellations in the astronomic pantheon of the Navaho. Along with this, there is a whole list of individual stars of importance for the Navaho

tradition. The white man, in attempting to translate these Navaho symbols, used the usual phrases and simplifications of “rituals” or “deities”.

However, the explanation is something much deeper.

How does one draw parallels between the events in the heavens and those on Earth, between the spiritual and material world, between the dance of the heavenly bodies of the galaxies and the everyday life on the American prairie?

The North Star is the symbol of the campfire in the middle of a Navaho tent. The Big Bear Constellation and Cassiopeia circle the North Star and represent the married couple (Nahookos) in a tent. From this comes the Navaho law which forbids more than one married couple from living and cooking in the same tent.

The nomadic life of the Navaho determined the basic cosmological difference between them and the Anasazi. The Sun was the key celestial object and the source of energy for the Anasazi and they called it “Our Father the Sun”. For the Navaho it was the nighttime sky and the motion of the constellations which was most important and their “father” was the sky.

Highway 160 takes me deeper into Arizona. Here, there are no settlements. The Red Mesa, the Black Mesa... Lonely outcroppings of stone and barren hills is all there is to keep me company. I pass through reservations of the Navaho, the Hopi and the Yuma Nations.



Photo 62: The Black Mesa, a rocky plateau in northern Arizona, Indian territory.

In their scouting missions a thousand years ago, the Navaho were surprised at how extensive the influence of the Anasazi was wherever they went. The Hopi and numerous Yuma tribes also found their strength and spiritual direction from the “Sacred Mother Earth”.

The Mojave, the Cocopah, the Maricopa, and the Hualapai Indians were in constant migration. And with time they began to come into conflict with the ever more numerous Navaho over sources of food.

In contrast, the Hopi and Havasupai Indians stayed in one place. The dusty and barren plateaus of the First, Second and Third Mesa are still today the home of the Hopi Indians.

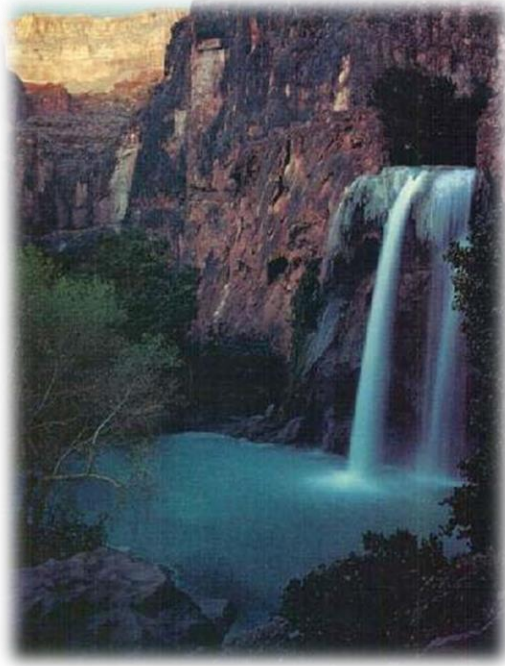


Photo 63: The blue-green water of the beautiful Havasu Canyon, the home of the Havasupai Indians in the Grand Canyon, Arizona.

The Havasupai were more choosy. They settled the Havasu Canyon, one of the ten in the valley of the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon. The one thing which separates the Havasu Canyon from all the others is its natural beauty. The thousand-meter-deep canyon with its blue-green water is indisputably one of the most beautiful places on the planet.

The “Ha” (water) “vasu” (blue) “pai” (people) have lived in this canyon for a thousand years. Today, there are about 600 of them left; there are no roads into their territory (the only access is on horseback or by helicopter) and they still maintain the ancient tradition of their ancestors. Oral history tells of the shamans or medicine men of this tribe who sometimes spoke with the spirits and could predict the future.

The contemporaries of the Anasazi, the Hohokam, Sinagua and Mogollon Indians, no longer exist. Their way of living in what is today Arizona and New Mexico merged with the more advanced Anasazi in the 10th century.

The Hohokam Indians came to this area two and a half thousand years ago. Clearly, under Mayan influence, they built playing fields, places of residence, buildings of brick and stone platforms. Among the artifacts which have been found, there were rubber balls, red and white ceramics with pictures of dancers holding hands, jewelry, and copper bells... At the time of the birth of the Roman Empire, the Hohokam liked the same things as the ancient Romans: music, dance and things of beauty...

They learned to get the maximum out of a less than fertile soil; two harvests per year were made possible by a very complex system of irrigation. Today's irrigation system in this part of Arizona is built precisely on top of this ancient one. The name Hohokam ("completely utilized") is appropriate, as applied to the land that they cultivated.

The Sinagua tribe (from the Spanish - "without water") are also known as the "Western Anasazi". Settling the western parts of today's Arizona, the Sinagua were under the influence of three powerful cultures: from the Hohokam they learned about irrigation, from the Mogollon about ceramics, and from the Anasazi the building of settlements in the sides of cliffs.

The culture of the Mogollon tribe ("split earth") also goes back to more than two thousand years ago. Numerous archeological finds provide evidence of the evolution of this people up until the beginning of the 10th century and their encounter with the Anasazi.

Then, all three of these nations – the Mogollon, Sinagua and Hohokam – completely came under the

influence of the great civilization of the Anasazi. The people, the architecture, and spiritual life were given a powerful jump forward. For example, the ruins of Grasshopper of the Mogollon people in Arizona revealed a town of over 500 rooms, kivas, and an open town square facing east.

With the first wave of the extinguishing of the Anasazi and the abandoning of the settlements in Chaco Canyon (in the 12th century) there was a simultaneous disappearance of parts of the settlements of these three nations. And, finally, with the final vanishing of the Anasazi at the end of the 13th century, all traces are also lost of these three cultures.

THE MESSAGES OF THE HOPI

Northeastern Arizona

There were three architectural styles of the Anasazi: that of Chaco Canyon (New Mexico), Mesa Verde (Colorado) and Kayenta (Arizona). The settlements in the cliffs of the Arizona canyon belong to the latter style.

The two largest Anasazi settlements in Arizona are located in the park known as the Navaho National Monument: Betatakin and Keet Seel. The skill of the builders who created this stone settlement in the caverns of 2400-meter-high cliffs is awesome. Still more surprising is the mysterious isolation of these settlements which were over 100 km away from other settlements.

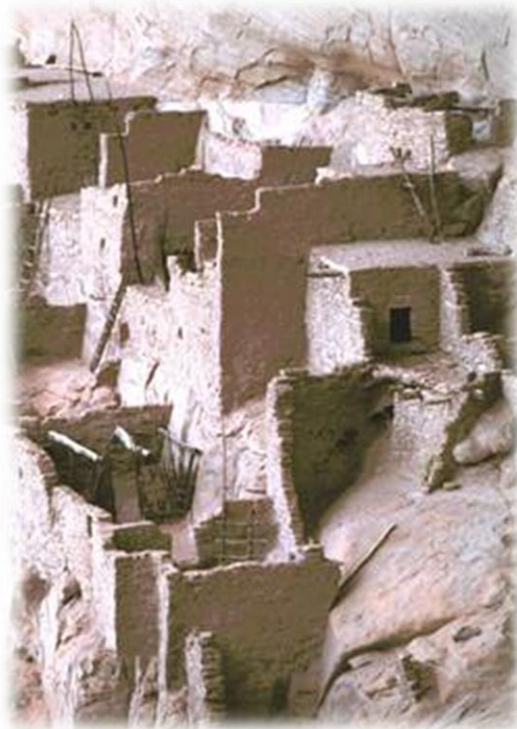


Photo 64: The Anasazi settlement of Betatakin, erected at a height of 2400 meters, Navaho National Monument, Arizona.

Betatakin (the Navaho word for “settlement on the precipice”) is a medium sized settlement with 135 rooms. Samples of wood place the time of its construction between 1250 and 1286 A.D. It was abandoned at about the same time as the settlements in Mesa Verde, before 1300 A.D.

Using a settlement for only fifty years, after investing a huge effort into building it... simply confirms the thesis of an organized departure of the Anasazi caused by some incalculable danger.

Keet Seel (from the Navaho words for “broken dish”) has many more kivas than Betatakin. Nearly one hundred people lived here when it was at its peak. It was abandoned around 1300 A.D. When they left, they walled up the doors behind them, as had been done by the residents of Pueblo Bonito. Did they think they would be returning?

Where the Little Colorado empties into the Colorado River in the territory of the Grand Canyon, the mysterious Hopi Indians appeared in this Fourth World. This is how their legends tell the story. The passageways which connected the two worlds – that of the surface and that of the interior – had long since been closed. The Hopi continued to live in the Fourth World with their special mission and responsibility toward the planet.

Today, there are about ten thousand of them, or as they themselves say: “ten thousand souls.” The American government created a Hopi reservation in 1882. Since the Hopi had never fought against the American army, they were spared the deportation to the region of Oklahoma, which had been the fate of many other tribes.

The Hopi mark their stay on the planet with powerful spirituality and the ability to foresee the future. Their

predictions were written on ancient stone tablets. Among them are those about the appearance of the railroad which the ancient Hopi referred to as “a horseless carriage” which will move along “black snakes” throughout the land. They foresaw man getting to the moon. They spoke in great detail about the coming of the Second World War, the growing role of Japan and the role of the Nazi swastika. The speech given by their leaders before the United Nations is especially notable, where they painted a not very rosy picture of mankind’s future.

The Hopi have lived on the high rocky mesas of northern Arizona for a thousand years. They are pure-blooded, not mixing with other nations. On the road to Old Oraibi a sign, which is decades old, reads: “Warning: White Men may not enter, because they have not managed to respect the laws of our tribe nor even those of their own. The community is strictly closed to visitors.”

The Black Mesa plateau, over two thousand meters high, slopes down toward the south, forming three smaller mesas or plateaus: the First, Second, and Third. In this small space the rich past of the Hopi is concentrated.

The Walpi settlement is located on the First Mesa. The Hopi built it in 1680 after the successful uprising against the Spaniards. Taking pictures is not allowed.

On the Second Mesa, there is the settlement of Mishongnovi, which was founded in the 12th century. Every odd-numbered year, the Hopi carry out their well-known “Snake Dance” here. The same is done in the neighboring Shungopavi every even year.

The “Snake Dance” is a secret and sacred ritual for rain and prosperity. In 1923, U.S. government agents attempted to have this dance banned, thinking that the Hopi should not be taking a week of rest in August for

the sake of a religious ceremony. They proposed that that week might be changed to the winter, when there was no need to be working in the fields. Their attempts, of course, failed, but the white man thereby showed once again his complete lack of understanding of the spiritual life of the native American population.

Old Oraibi is located on the Third Mesa and has been settled since 1100 A.D. The sky above this arid region is brilliantly clear. The stars and planets are readily visible, bright, and colorful. It is easy for the soul to fly in these expanses.

The Hopi ask that visitors should respect every inch of their land, which they consider sacred. This land is “the sacred circle of the Hopi world” where they will live until they go on to the next universe. Perhaps the land seems dry and barren, but this is only an illusion, a trick for those who come to visit, and who live only in their own material world. The truth is that this region is spiritually prosperous, and the Hopi should by no means be underestimated. For, indeed, their cultural and spiritual experience is enviable.

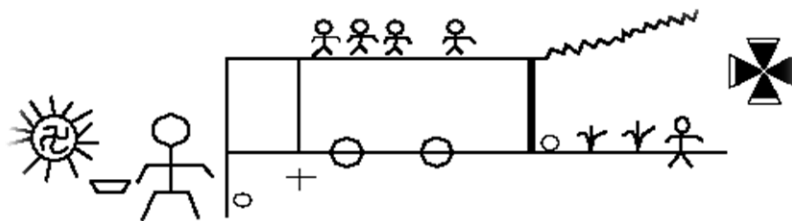


Illustration 65: A Hopi Indian petroglyph (near the ancient settlement of Old Oraibi) known as “the Diviner Rock”.

Near Oraibi there is a petroglyph which sums up several of the Hopi predictions. The human figure on the left side represents the Great Spirit. The vessel in front of

him is a part of the instructions of the Great Spirit for the Hopi to lay down their weapons. The first vertical line is the beginning of the time scale in thousands of years. The road of life is divided into two options – life in harmony with the Planet is symbolized by the lower line, while the materialistic-scientific road is shown by the upper line. A long vertical line is the appearance of the white man; the cross symbolizes Christianity. Four human figures on the upper line are the three past worlds and the fourth – the world we presently live in. Two circles on the lower line symbolize the two great worldwide “disturbances” (the First and Second World War). The swastika in the Sun and the Celtic cross represent two assistants of Pahana, a true white brother. The third vertical line is the last chance for mankind; either civilization will disintegrate, if it continues along this road, or it will return to the spiritual path. In this second case, the circle on the lower line brings a period of cleansing after which the corn will again grow in abundance. The Great Spirit will again return and the path of life will continue forever...

The inhabitants of Old Oraibi first saw a foreigner, hungry and unarmed, with long disheveled hair, wearing an animal skin. After him, there came several women, adults and children, all similarly clothed, hungry and homeless. The Hopi were good to these primitives. They fed them and gave them a place to live. They taught them to work in the fields and to spin cotton. They called them the Tasavuh (tu – person, savuhta – hit), because they killed their enemies hitting them over the head with a stone hatchet.

The Tasavuh are today known as the Navaho Indians.

The Hopi did not allow them to participate in their rituals, but the Tasavuh were good observers. With time, they began to copy the Hopi.

The Hopi quickly saw that, over the long winter months, the Tasavuh did not have their own legends and memories of their ancestors. And they noticed that the Tasavuh did not stop eating at the table until everything had been eaten.

Soon, there were more and more Tasavuh groups who came to visit the Hopi at harvest time. It was not long before the Tasavuh began to steal the Hopi grain storage. One morning, the news spread through the settlement: the Tasavuh had set fire to the wheat field and had killed several Hopi. Now it was war!

The Tasavuh gathered their troops in the valley. Bonfires were burning from Savatuk to Kalava. The Hopi called all the adult population to take up their weapons. The two armies stood face-to-face. The Hopi had been told not to initiate the conflict. If the Tasavuh fired the first arrow, they would be to blame for this war.

Several hours passed but the conflict did not begin. The Tasavuh were in shock: in front of the Hopi army they saw the vision of two armed men, dressed in white, who protected the Hopi.

It was high noon. At that time, one Tasavuh Indian woman stood up in front of her tribe calling them cowards. Alone, she moved toward the Hopi army. Two Tasavuh warriors moved with her as protection. The Hopi knew that this was a sign of the outbreak of the conflict. Spears flew and killed one of the warriors. The head-on fighting began. The following day, the valley was soaked in blood. The Hopi had protected their settlement, but this was not the end of the problems.

For hundreds of years afterward, danger would come from the white man, the Navaho and Apache Indians, who forever destroyed the peaceful life of the Hopi – people of peace, who had never believed in conflict.

A cry spreads along the dusty trail of the Hopi settlement. The sound of the drums beats with a single tone. The hiss of snakes catches one's attention. Masked Hopi Indians are following the sacred track of corn kernels laid down for them by the shamans.



Photo 66: The Kachina “eagle” is one of 250 symbols of the natural powers of the Hopi Indians, Arizona.

Kachina means three things: the spirit of the dead and of natural forces, the masks which are worn during the ritual, and the small dolls which symbolize all natural forces (a total of 250). Upon their arrival at the surface, the Hopi met supernatural beings who taught them how to carry out the ceremonies for fertility, healing, and summoning rain...

The myth is connected with prophecy of the Aztecs, the Hopi, and the Maya.

The Aztecs knew that in the year as it had been prophesied (“ce acatl”, which was 1519 A.D.) the long-awaited white superior being, the bearded Quetzalcoatl,

would come. In that year the bearded white man, Hernan Cortez, arrived at the head of the conquistadors. Taking advantage of the hospitality of Moctezuma (also spelled Montezuma), he conquered all of Mexico for the Spanish crown.

Five hundred years earlier, the white deity Kukulcan had flown from Tula to the distant city of Chichen Itza, located two thousand kilometers away, and thus fulfilled the prophecy of the Maya. But the Maya were not there to meet him. It was as if they had known that something was up.

The mysterious departure of the Anasazi came after the disappearance of the Maya. Had they too decided to leave so as not to fall under the rule of the white man?

The Hopi predicted the appearance of “a lost white brother, Pahana”. If he had come on time, in 1519 A.D., they would have met him at the foot of the Third Mesa. Since he was late, the place where they met him was near Oraibi. And, indeed, although twenty years late, the conquistador Pedro de Tovar came to the Mesa with 17 horsemen. At Oraibi the Hopi had arranged a reception. If this had been the real Pahana, he would have known how to react to the open hand of the chief of the Hopi. He would offer his hand palm downward, they would clap and shake hands forming the ancient symbol of brotherhood. Instead, Tovar, seeing the extended hand of the chief, ordered his aides to give him gifts, thinking that this was what the Hopi expected of them.

The chief knew that Pahana had forgotten the ancient agreement between people of two civilizations. And he therefore sensed that this spelled trouble for his people. Indeed, what followed were expeditions, baptisms, building of Catholic missions, and enslavement for the Hopi.

In the following century, the Hopi joined with the other Pueblo tribes and organized a revolt against the Spanish in 1680, defeating them and temporarily chasing them off back into Mexico. The inhospitable nature of the terrain where the Hopi lived did not attract either the Spanish or the British to attempt new invasions. But the Hopi continued to expect the real Pahana, the symbol of universal brotherhood among men.

Imagine if there were the connection of the knowledge of the European and the spiritual achievements of the cultures of Central and South America. If this had happened a thousand, or even 500, years ago, the history of the world would have looked completely different. But, instead of communication we had the rule by the sword, instead of cooperation there was domination and subjugation.

The mind of the white man was poisoned with the desire for power and creation of an enormous quantity of negative energy. On the other side, the pure thoughts and ancient prophecies of the American Nations had not prepared them for conflict but for cooperation.

The question is: Was this a mistake in the prophecies? Or did something happen in the meantime which completely interfered with the course of events? Which, perhaps, changed the white man for the worse? Almost as if some negative force had possessed him... and that pressure still does not let up.

Did the advanced Maya and the Anasazi recognize this change and decide in time to depart from this earthly stage?

CANYON DE CHELLY

Canyon de Chelly, Arizona

I drive at a steady pace toward eastern Arizona. On the horizon the red desert rock and the sky merge. There is an occasional lonely boulder like an island in the endless sea of the desert. The picture gradually changes. In the distance there are two plateaus. One is barren and dry. The other, parallel to it, is green. They are of equal height and length. Above the green one there are clouds, and soon there are flashes of lightning, and a gray curtain hangs down from the uppermost parts of the plateau. I muse over whether I am seeing evidence of the many centuries of the work of the seers who lived and summoned the rain only for their mesa, their plateau. And as for the other uninhabited one, it remains barren.



**Photo 67: The ritual “rain dance” was successful,
Black Mesa, Arizona.**

I am going along the south of a Navaho reservation, which covers more than 65,000 square kilometers. The Navaho call themselves the “Diné” (meaning “The People” or “Children of the Holy People”). When the

Spaniards first arrived in these parts at the beginning of the 17th century, they called them “Apache de Navajo” (“the Apache who cultivate the land”). And this was how the name “Navaho” came about.

Among the Navaho, eye contact is considered rude. When you talk to a group of Navaho Indians, some are looking at the ground, some to the side, although they are listening to you carefully. The Diné are taught from an early age not to talk a lot, not to be noisy and not to be open toward strangers. They rarely touch one another, a gentle handshake is the most you can expect.

I arrive at Chinle. This little town developed from what was once an Indian trading post. The Diné gave it its name (“Chin-lee” – the place where water comes out), because it is located at the opening of the Canyon de Chelly.

The canyon is some forty kilometers in length and within it there are several lovely settlements of the Anasazi. More than 700 ruins and remains of the Anasazi and Navaho culture have been found and preserved in this canyon. Although it is a protected national monument, there are still today about forty Navaho families living there.

The story of the name of the canyon is typical. The ancient Anasazi name has not been preserved. The Navaho Indians called it “Tseyi” (“in the rock”). The Spaniards from in the 17th century confused this with their own word “Chegui”. And then the American pioneers again mistranslated it, making it into the word “Chelly”. And in the end we have the name Canyon de Chelly (“de shei”) written on current maps, which no American knows the correct pronunciation of.

In the Visitors Center all the employees are Navaho Indians. At the nearby gas station, in the school, and at the stores, there are only Navaho. The Navaho language is heard more often than English.

Touring the canyon is not allowed without a Navaho guide. And there is the condition that you must have a vehicle with a 4-wheel drive. I go out into the parking lot, take a quick look and notice that my rental “Hyundai-Santa Fe” only has a two-wheel drive. I go back into the Visitor Center and where the form inquires about this, I check that I have a four-wheel drive. One of the Navahos comes out with me, takes a look under the chassis of the car, nods and finally decides that I can drive through the canyon. At that time, it seems to me that this is only a formality. They say that sometimes cars get stuck in the sand. I didn’t really think that this could happen to me that day.

They call for a guide. Ten minutes later, a large 50-year-old man appears who introduces himself: “Dave Wilson. I’ll be your guide today.” I complete the papers for the permit, we both sign. “Let’s go out and take a look at your vehicle,” he says.

At the parking lot Dave bends over and measures the car’s clearance. He climbs in the front and looks at the gear shift. He shakes his head. “I’m not sure that this won’t get stuck. But we can give it a try, at your own risk.”

I nod my head in agreement.

We depart from the Center, cross the street, and Dave indicates that we should turn into a dirt road which leads through the Navaho settlement. I figure that this is a short-cut. However, from the settlement we go out onto a dirt clearing. It is clear that we’re not going to see any more paved road. We are at the entrance to the canyon. A hundred meters wide, and a winding ten kilometers in depth. Beneath the wheels there is nothing but sand. On

the surface it is dry, like white chips. A few centimeters down it is damp and deep. Dave warns me not to drive too slow or stop. The sand is ridged with hundreds of tire tracks. I stick with one such track. A dozen Navaho teenagers are playing football. We drive past them. Beneath the wheels I can feel that the sand is damp and that the tires are digging in deeper. I try to accelerate but the car is slowing down. I ease off on the gas, but the car is having a still bigger struggle. And then it stops. I figure I'll back up a bit and then I can go on. But that only helped the car to dig further into the wet sand. Now I know why I needed a 4-wheel drive and wider tires.

The cliffs of the canyon are in some places as high as 250 meters. Their surfaces are noticeably black; it is as if someone had poured tons of tar from the height of the mesa. The geological term is “desert glaze”. It is a thin mineral layer which is created by bacteria which live on the walls of the canyon. They draw in manganese from the air and “digest” it. This process of metabolism results in the fusing of the manganese with the walls of the canyon.

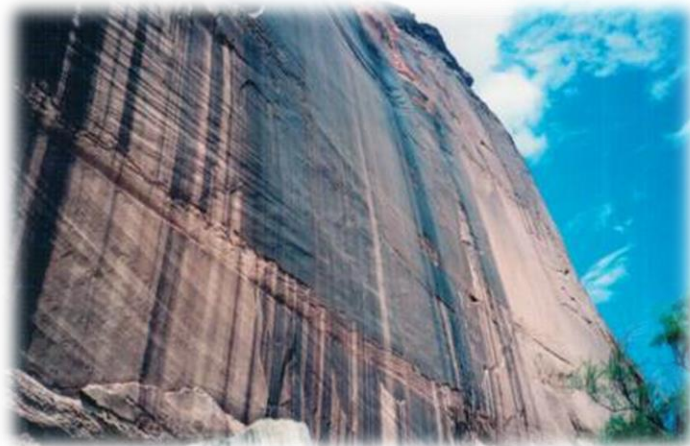


Photo 68: “Desert glaze”, a manganese layer on the walls of the canyon which is 300 million years old, Canyon de Chelly, Arizona.

The high cliff in front of me displays 300 million geological years. At its base is the oldest layer known as “Supai”. Fossils of plants from the era of a damp subtropical climate have been found at its base. Above it there is a layer of “de Chelly” chalk when the climate changed into dry desert 250 million years ago, which resulted in the creation of the well-known red rock of the canyon (thanks to sand and sediment carried by the wind). Still higher is the “Shinarump conglomerate” of 200 million years ago, consisting of gray-brown rock full of quartz, basalt, and petrified wood.

Millions of years were to pass, vegetation and animal species were to come and go, disappearing without a trace. After the dinosaurs died out, this part of the planet experienced a period of the raising of the rocky soil and the formation of plateaus. The first time, 63 million years ago, and then again three million years ago, the walls of the canyon lifted, the rivers penetrated through the rock, and erosion shaped what we can see today.

After the end of the most recent ice age about ten thousand years ago, there were no significant changes. Man began to use rock as a tool, for weapons, for building living quarters, for processing food, as a background for paint and ceramics. The Anasazi came and soon went away again. The Navaho followed, and a small number of them remain.

With regard to the age of the canyon, the phenomenon of man’s existence has been of a short, almost insignificant, duration. The hundreds of years of *homo sapiens* are but the blink of an eye in comparison to the hundreds of millions of years this canyon has been here.

Dave called over the “football players” to help us. They approached reluctantly. “This is the third car today that’s got stuck,” they complain. Five or six pairs of

hands push us out of the sand. This time I don't intend to slow down.

"Dave, how long have you been a guide in the canyon?" I start up a conversation.

"Oh, for nearly forty years," he answers. "I'm now the head of all the guides and all the Navahos who are in the service industry, from the rental of horses, towing service, etc. A total of 140 people."

"Are there that many Navaho working in the park?" I ask.

"Yes, there are, grown-ups and teenagers, both those who live in the canyon and those from the town of Chinle. But there are some here who are jealous of my position," and as he speaks, he lifts his shirt. There is a big scar on his stomach.

"This is where my cousin tried to kill me," he says with a perfectly blasé tone of voice.

"So, did they catch him?" I ask, for now he has me interested.

"Yes, but he said that he fired the shot thinking it was a bear. And I didn't press charges."



Photo 69: The author (left) with the Navaho guide, Dave Wilson, at the entrance into the Canyon de Chelly, Arizona.

We come out onto a clearing, with a bit harder base. Dave tells me to stop. We get out of the car. He points toward the walls of the canyon which form a deep cut at the entrance.

“Anasazi pictographs,” he points out. We walk closer. On the wall are three symbols that I am already familiar with. The Kokopeli (flautist and symbol of fertility), a seer’s body (leader of the clan and settlement) and hand prints (which mark a sacred place). The pictographs are painted white. The Anasazi obtained white paint by mixing the powder of white clay, vegetable oil, egg white, and water.

The Casanova Anasazi is a nick-name for Kokopeli, the most popular deity of the American southwest. They say that this “Casanova” visited the settlements of the Anasazi with a bag of seeds on his back and taught the

Anasazi how to plant corn. At night, while the people were asleep, Kokopeli played the flute in the corn fields. In the morning the amazed residents would find their fields with corn the height of a man. At the same time, many girls and women would have become pregnant...

“Koko” (wood) and “Pilau” (bag of seeds) obtained warmth directly from the center of the Earth and he spread it all around him.

Legend describes this visitor with a flute being welcome in every village, because he symbolized fertility – for plants, hopes, dreams, and love.



Photo 70: Kokopeli with his flute, a symbol of fertility of the land, the family, and of love.

The Hopi go into further detail. They say that the first Hopi who came from the center of the Earth to this Fourth World were led by two “mahu” insects (which generated heat). At the surface they met the eagle, whom

they asked for permission to live there. The eagle put the mahu to a test: first he fired an arrow at their eyes, but they did not blink. Then he hit one of them with an arrow who, despite his wound, began to play the flute. The gentle melody floated all around. The eagle hit the other insect with an arrow. And he too began to play. The eagle said, “Now that you have passed both tests, you may live here. If you want to speak with our father, the Sun, use my quiver and I will carry the message to him for you...”

How we got from insects to a hunchbacked dwarf and then to a Casanova with a bag of seeds, no-one knows. But it doesn't surprise me.

Nonetheless, to complete the story, I must admit that Kokopeli is not the original hero dating from only one millennium ago, from the Anasazi settlements where he remained carved in stone.

The first petroglyph with the figure of Kokopeli appeared in America at least 3000 years ago. This definitely precedes the time of Oraibi, the first Hopi settlement (about a thousand years ago) or the first Anasazi settlement (1200 years ago). Kokopeli was found in the eastern parts of the North American continent, then on the Pacific west coast carved into shells, and certain legends suggest that Kokopeli was an ancient Toltec trader who traveled from Mexico toward both American coasts.

Kokopeli is not a stranger to the ancient cultures stretching from South America to Canada.

Linguistics can take us on a still deeper expedition in history. What is the connection between the Hopi of Arizona and their Snake Dance with the tribe of the Khopis (Hopis, Opis or L'Hopitai tribes of Uzbekistan), once a part of the Greater Indies, who are known for their ancient cult of the worship of the snake?

The city-state of Hopi of Uzbekistan was called Khiva 10,000 years ago. “Kiva” is, of course, the heart (“home”) of the culture of the Hopi of Arizona. The houses in Uzbekistan were round, and were entered from the roof by means of a ladder. The translation of the word “kiva” is identical in Sanskrit and in the Hopi language: “ki” (ant-hill) plus “va” (residential).

The ancient deity of happiness, from a time prior to Veda, was called Kubera or Kuha. This was a dwarf (as was Kokopeli), with a hump on his back, a round stomach, six toes, eight teeth, three legs (the Anasazi Kokopeli has a penis as long as a leg), wearing a belt, and in general serving as a symbol of good fortune... The names are different, but their characteristics are the same.

The wife of the American Kokopeli is called the “Kokopelimana”. In Hopi “mana” means woman. In Sanskrit, “mena” means woman. Her role was identical in both legends (always active at night trying to sexually satisfy mortals).

Linguistic coincidence?

I look at the white pictograph of Kokopeli carved into the Canyon de Chelly. On the head are two lines (hair and headdress). The symbol of the clan is the gray flute. Members of the The Kokopeli Clan of Blue Flutes have no hair. The hair with two circles at the top are the symbol of the spirit or the kachina (these pictographs were discovered in Hopi settlements). Furthermore, this Kokopeli was shown in a lying position, which means this is where he decided to stay. Those standing symbolize constant movement.

Behind every symbol in this canyon a story is hidden.

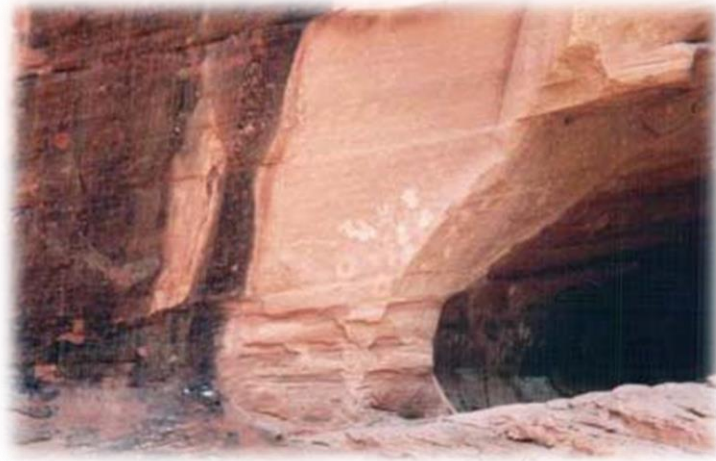


Photo 71: Kokopeli at the entrance to a cave in the Canyon de Chelly, Arizona; shown in the prone position which symbolizes that he appeared at this location; hand prints indicate the sacredness of this location.

WHITE HOUSE

Canyon de Chelly, Arizona

The sandy base of the Canyon de Chelly is the largest in area of all American canyons. It is about a hundred meters wide, with quicksand in some places, and very often, in the rainy season, it is impassible. The Canyon has a “V” shape with a northern and southern leg.

The twenty-five kilometers of the northern leg of the canyon contain four Anasazi settlements which are accessible to visitors.

The ruins of the “Antelope House” lie deep in the cavern. This was once 91 rooms on four levels with three great kivas and several smaller ones. The Anasazi had painted the stone walls with whitewash and had drawn murals. This is one of the rare settlements where traces of color remain. Building had stopped here by 1270 and it was soon thereafter abandoned. According to the official guidebook, “some historians claim that a great flood forced them to emigrate. Others suggest that war or disease caused the exodus. But no-one knows for sure.” The name of this settlement was given because of the painting of an antelope on one of the walls; it is believed that this was the work of a Navaho artist in the 1830s.

“Ledge Ruin” is a small settlement built in a very inaccessible cavern. From a distance, it appears that the walls of the Anasazi fused with the stone cliffs. At this height this settlement would more logically be a home for birds than for people.

Two caves in the cliffs are filled and bridged with some 78 rooms and three kivas – all of this goes by the name of “Mummy Cave”. A three-story tower is located between the caves and its function has not yet been

established. This settlement got its name from two mummified bodies wrapped in fibers of the Yucca tree, which were found by archeologists in 1882. The architecture is clearly that of the Mesa Verde Anasazi. The settlement had been abandoned hundreds of years earlier.

“Massacre Cave” was the location of a clash between the Navaho and the Spaniards led by Antonio Narbona in 1805. The battle lasted a whole day and according to Narbona, 115 Indians were killed, more than 90 of which were Navaho warriors; 33 were taken captive. According to the Indians, the number of people killed was correct, but they say that that included women, children and elderly folk, because the younger Indians were out hunting. The Navaho name for this place is “Two fell down”. Supposedly, one Indian woman threw one Spaniard over the cliff in defense of the settlement and in the process she herself fell to her death.

The problems for the Navaho continued with the arrival of the American army. Led by Colonel Kit Carson, in the winter of 1863, the army blocked the canyon, destroyed their storage of food and all their livestock, burned down their orchards and killed every Navaho they could lay their hands on. The rest of them were starved out and finally surrendered, after which Carson took them on a “Long Walk” to a reservation in eastern New Mexico. After four miserable years, the surviving Indians were allowed to return to the canyon in 1868. To ensure protection of the ruins, the National Agency took over the management of the canyon in 1920. Today it is a national park, which is run jointly by the Navaho and state agencies.

Dave and I continue by car along the southern leg of the canyon. I ask him how long the Navaho have been living in this territory. He says that they came from the

north, from Canada, and before that, from Asia, across the Bering Strait.

“When the Navaho came to the canyon, the Anasazi had long since left. However, we did not live in their settlements. For us they were sacred.”

“Why were they sacred?” I ask.

“Our ancestors thought that the spirits of the Anasazi were still living there.”

He tells me to stop the car. He points toward the steep cliffs.

“There is one of the Anasazi settlements,” he says.



Photo 72: The Anasazi settlement known as the “First Ruins” with two kivas and about ten rooms, abandoned at the end of the 13th century, at the same time as all the other settlements in the world of the Anasazi.

I get out of the car. The cliffs here are 150 meters high. Approximately half-way up, in an opening between the walls, is the location of the “First Ruin”. These were the first ruins found by archeologist Cosmos Mindeleff in 1882. Stone walls form ten rooms and two kivas. The

date of the abandonment of this settlement was at the end of the 13th century.

A closer approach is not allowed. We continue driving. A few kilometers further on, we stop again. In the shadow of the huge cliffs is the village known as “Junction Ruin”. It contains fifteen rooms and one kiva. The settlement is facing south, clearly in order to catch the sun’s rays during the cold winter months. The ruins are located at the junction of two canyons, namely between the Canyon del Muerto (“of the dead”) and the Canyon de Chelly.

Dave tells me about the Anasazi settlements which are located 20 - 25 kilometers further down. “Sliding House” and “Face Rock” are smaller settlements built high in an inaccessible part of the canyon. They are barely visible from the bottom of the canyon. They appear to be impossible to get to; however, careful examination enables one to see the indentations or channels in the rock cliff which served the Anasazi for climbing.

“Spider Rock” is located in the highest cliffs of the canyon which is 330 meters above the land’s surface. Navaho legend speaks of the newly arrived Navaho Indians who came across an old woman in the canyon. She taught them how to weave. Later, she became their deity: “Spider-Woman” who lives at the top of “Spider Rock.”

I have another fifteen kilometers to get to the next destination. I am concentrating on my driving; I follow the deep tracks of tires in the sand. At the same time, Dave tells me mostly about the customs of the Navaho and their relations with the government agencies. When I ask why they don’t at least pave part of the road, he answers that this way they want to protect the place against a great wave of tourists.

In front of us the road turns left. Before that, one has to go down from an elevated area of some 60 centimeters. Clearly, I cannot go fast into the turn with such a drop. I slow down, go down the drop, turn the steering wheel, and the car digs itself into the sand. I accelerate and the wheels sink further. We are once again stuck. This time it is serious. We get out. There is no-one around anywhere. There is no alternative but to roll up our sleeves. I find a piece of a wooden plank and I begin to clean the sand from under the wheels. Dave does not have a phone. He goes out to find some larger pieces of wood. I remove the sand from around the four wheels. Dave returns with two big branches. We put them under the front wheels. I get into the car, put it into reverse with the intention of rocking it back and forth. The car only rocks a bit to the left and right and then stops.

I bend over under the car. The bottom is firmly embedded in the sand. The front bumper won't allow the car to go forward. With a shovel it would probably take a good solid two hours to dig ourselves out. And then we have a few more kilometers to get to my goal for today – the “White House” settlement. And after that, we will need to drive back another twenty kilometers.



Photo 73: Trouble with damp sand in the Canyon de Chelly, Arizona.

Dave goes off to look for a vehicle that can pull us out. I dig out the sand. After an hour, Dave returns with good news. Someone is coming to pull us out. And, indeed, a few minutes later, a 50-year-old Navaho Indian arrives with his two sons in a 15-year-old Ford, with big tires, a 20-inch clearance and, of course, a four-wheel drive. They hitch up a chain to my Korean plastic “Hyundai”. Soon, they have me pulled out of the sand, and I stop the car on a somewhat harder surface. Dave climbs back in, and we decide to drive behind the Ford.

Greenery and a clay road let us know that we are coming to the nicest settlement in the canyon. Kinii-naigai (White House or Casa Blanca) was “discovered” by the expedition of Lieutenant J.H. Simpson in 1849. The Navaho had given the settlement its name because of the white-washed walls of the ruins.

The first thing I see is the frighteningly steep cliff above the settlement. I am confronted with nearly 200 meters of sheer drop of the canyon walls. Inside the cavern in the cliffs and at the foot of the cliffs there were a total of 80 rooms and four kivas. This is the only settlement that one can approach closely enough to be able to feel the beauty and to imagine how this place must have looked originally...

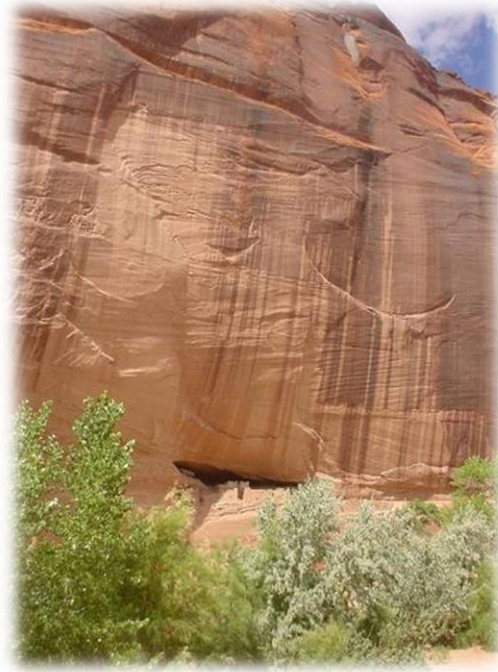


Photo 74: A view of the Anasazi “White House” settlement, hidden in a crevasse of the impressive cliffs of the Canyon de Chelly, Arizona.

The neat and smooth white walls of the settlement provided for about ten Anasazi families... the men tended the corn fields, harvested beans, squash, and cotton... the women made ceramic pots, cotton fabrics and clothing, and the ceremonial costumes made from feathers... the children played in the open area in front of the settlement... along with their shouts one could hear the barking of dogs chasing the turkeys... the kiva was being prepared for the evening spiritual journeys of the seers...

After 1275, there was no further construction activity here, either.



Photo 75: “The most beautiful settlement of the Canyon de Chelly, the White House, was built on two levels and with four kivas and 80 rooms, it provided for ten to fifteen Anasazi families.



Photo 76: The symbol of the seers – defender of the White House settlement, with his right hand raised.

All the settlements in the canyon remained empty and forever abandoned by the Anasazi. Just as had all the other settlements in a radius of a thousand kilometers. The giant cliffs of these canyons were no longer enough to protect the Anasazi population.

A sign in front of the settlement says: “After 1275, the Anasazi settlements were abandoned. Why? Sudden climatic changes? Overpopulation? Modern archeologists are still baffled by this mystery.”

I stand in front of the “White House” for a long while. The ruins reveal architecture which reminds me of the style of Pueblo Bonito. Walls a meter thick with numerous neatly finished stone blocks. On the wall of the cliff there is a pictograph which shows the figure of a seer, the defender of the settlement.

Every Anasazi settlement has the pictograph of a seer who was their leader. At Chaco Canyon, he is shown with his arms extended with two double circles on his arms. The Hopi Indians explain this as “a community which had two cycles of migration”. The Mesa Verde pictograph has an arch above his head which probably symbolizes “the heavy load of responsibility which the leader bears”. The Springerville pictograph shows a figure with a spider under his foot – probably belonging to the Spider Clan. In Old Oraibi, among the Hopi, the figure shows a lifted right hand – which is interpreted as the responsible leader who sees to the fields having enough rain. The symbol here, at the “White House”, is identical to that at Oraibi.

For all the inhabitants of the settlement, this pictograph was carved in the course of their lifetime. How often their eyes must have fallen upon this figure... Eight hundred years later, I have this much that I can share with the Anasazi.

We head back. This time, the Ford is behind us, with my guide’s wife and children. I drive with confidence, but don’t make the same mistake of slowing down. Everything goes fine until we get to that wide part at the entrance to the canyon. The sand is simply too damp to

avoid getting stuck. Once again, we have to use the chain to get the car pulled out.

So, this adventure is over. I leave the Canyon de Chelly behind.



Photo 77: Why were the gigantic cliffs and energy of the Sun not enough to protect the spiritually and astronomically aware Anasazi who disappeared without a trace into the depths of the history of our universe?

THE CIRCLE IS CLOSED

Arizona/New Mexico

It is time for me to leave Arizona and head back toward New Mexico. The Anasazi settlements I have visited remain unchanged, as do those I did not visit.

Further to the west, in the interior of Arizona, between Flagstaff and Phoenix, there were tens of Anasazi settlements which were built into the cliffs of the canyons, on desert plateaus, and on mountains that were once volcanoes.

“Montezuma Castle” is one of the best maintained of such settlements. Twenty rooms in five-story structures are built within the curves of the cliffs. The wonderful construction technique has maintained this complex, even after 700 years, almost completely intact, despite the steady assault of harsh weather. Of course, the name given to it completely misses the point – it is not a castle, and it never belonged to Montezuma. The Aztec ruler was born a full two hundred years later, after the final departure of the Anasazi from this settlement.



Photo 78: The five-story Anasazi settlement known as “Montezuma Castle”, nestled in the cliffs of a canyon in central Arizona.

Nearby is the so-called Montezuma's Spring, an aquatic oasis which is fed by an underground source. The water supply is steady, four million liters per day. It is not surprising that ruins of several other smaller Anasazi settlements were found there. After their departure, the area was occupied by the Havapai Indians. The Spaniards found them here in the 16th century. Then they heard the legends of the Havapai that this source was the gateway through which their ancestors had passed coming from the underground world. This is the reason why the source and its water is considered sacred.

Just as the Navaho began to imitate the culturally and spiritually more advanced Hopi, similarly, apparently, the Havapai imitated the Anasazi in their legends.

Forty kilometers on, there is the Tuzigoot National Monument. On an elevated part in the middle of a rocky desert there are more Anasazi ruins. They contain a total of 110 rooms in three stories. The view from there extends for tens of miles in all directions. The Apache called this abandoned settlement "Tuzigoot" ("Crooked River") in connection with the nearby winding Verde (Green) River.

To the north is the Wupatki National Monument on the territory where there are the ruins of four more Anasazi settlements – Wupatki, Citadel, Lomaki and Wukoki. The largest settlement is definitely Wupatki, with 85 rooms found so far, which circle a large amphitheater. In 1965, something new was uncovered in the world of the Anasazi: at a depth of five meters below the surface a playing field was discovered. One more bit of evidence of the presence of the Maya and Central American civilizations in the life of the Anasazi.

In the south of Colorado, the mountain peak of Chimney Rock reaches a height of 2800 meters. This

rocky peak in the shape of a chimney is kept company by another natural monolith, Companion Rock. In this area, there are the ruins of an Anasazi settlement called “Chimney Rock Ruins”. The two-story settlement has a total of 55 rooms and two kivas. This settlement is considered to be the most isolated of all Anasazi settlements. It was built on an inaccessible mountain peak, with the nearest source of water and tillable land about half a mile away.

Research has found that beneath the walls there is an original stone plateau. This means that tons of material, a combination of stone blocks and unbaked bricks, were carried to the mountain peak in order to build this large structure. For the production of the bricks, they had to have water, or else the Anasazi waited for winter so as to use snow for the making of the bricks (which is unlikely), or they brought water from the valley (which would have required much more manpower than they actually possessed).

The official archeological and historical line insists that the Anasazi were an agricultural people who studied the position of the Sun in order to know when to plant their crops. If this were the case, why would they build a settlement on a mountain peak so far away from tillable soil?

Let us use the assistance of dendrochronology and archaeoastronomy to try to find an answer.

Dendrochronology has, using the study of the tree rings in the remains of wood, established that the first phase of building of this settlement began in 1076. The age of the pine wood built into the ventilation opening of the eastern kiva was used to show that the kiva belongs to the earlier building phase.

The next part to be tested was a piece of the wood built into the roof of a room on the second floor; results

showed that this wood had been cut in the summer of 1093.

Now let us make use of the results of archaeoastronomy. Between the fall of 1073 and the fall of 1077, the Moon was at the so-called “state of rest”. The same phenomenon repeated itself 19 years later between 1092 and 1095.

The next picture in the mosaic is the view we get from this settlement looking toward two natural obelisks: Chimney Rock and Companion Rock. During the time of its period of rest, the full Moon appeared at its fullest between these two stone peaks. This happened a total of forty times in the period between 1073 and 1077 and again between 1092 and 1095.

And thus, we come to an answer as to why the Anasazi built this settlement: it was used exclusively as an observatory!

The major towns of ancient Central America were designed as “cosmo-magic” centers. Teotihuacan, Monte Alban, Tikal, Copan, Palenque... They were clearly cosmic centers in which life and civilization were given birth.

Their architects and builders, through their buildings, established a relationship between cosmic harmony and bio-rhythms of life on Earth. The cosmic cities were in harmony with the cosmos. The pyramids, the temples, the streets... were oriented along the cardinal points of the Earth. Life was adapted to the motion of the Sun, the Moon, the planets and the stars.

The population of the settlements of the Anasazi were slightly lacking in numbers, in the dauntingly impressive

buildings and complex social structures to be parallel to the cities of the Maya or the Tolteks.

But the settlements in the Chaco Canyon, Mesa Verde or Canyon de Chelly certainly represented the mythical centers of their civilization and microcosm.

One such center was the Montezuma Basin in New Mexico. A few thousand residents were concentrated in eight Anasazi settlements: Yellow Jacket, Lowry, Sand Canyon, Goodman Point, Mud Springs, Yucca House, Lancaster Ruin and Wilson Ruin.

Yellow Jacket has an impressive 120 kivas, which is the largest number in the Anasazi world. Lowry is next with 110, Sand Canyon has 90 and Goodman Point has 85 kivas. With such an intensive spiritual life, each of these towns certainly must have represented the center of the universe for its residents.

A row of fallen boulder monoliths at Yellow Jacket lie in a line which corresponds to the path of the Sun during the summer solstice. The Anasazi did not leave any written messages; but this fallen rock seems to tell us, as with a deep voice from the background, how powerful their involvement was with astronomy.

The Great Kiva of Yellow Jacket, with a radius of over 20 meters, was carefully built in a north-south direction with an accuracy that measures less than one half of one degree of variance from true north. Many pairs of smaller kivas with a radius of 10 - 15 meters are perfectly aligned toward the north as well.

What is the significance of the fascination of the Anasazi for astronomic phenomena? Observing the Sun and establishing an agricultural calendar makes sense. But the intensity of the Anasazi's interest far surpasses the simple interest of farmers and their tracking of the Sun on the horizon for agricultural purposes.

The Anasazi formed an incredibly rich astronomic infrastructure throughout the American Southwest. They carefully followed the position of the Earth and the influence of other heavenly bodies. On this they based their skills, knowledge, and power.

In combination with the information obtained through their spiritual senses, the Anasazi grew into a unique, spiritually advanced civilization.

Up until the moment when their seers gave the word to the entire population: “We have to leave!”

There are no small nations, or small civilizations. The true size of a group is not measured simply by its number.

Ten thousand souls of the Hopi Indians are perhaps numerically small in comparison with the billions of humans taking part in the “market economy”. But, with their thousand-year-long history, their spirituality, their prophecies and concern for humanity, they become the living conscience of our civilization, striking it with a powerful stamp of warning.

Their ancestors, the Anasazi, were also a shining example. Spread over a thousand kilometers, in hundreds of settlements, and only several tens of thousands of people, nonetheless, based on what they left behind, they can be called an advanced, peace-loving civilization. Their time on this planet was spent living in harmony with nature.

They left behind them an entire series of mysteries: their sudden and simultaneous appearance in an enormous and inaccessible territory; their building skills which cannot be explained from our current technological point of view; their very advanced

astronomic awareness without any instruments; communication among themselves, which is evident from the style of their buildings, their everyday life and the coordinated time of their departure; and, finally, the simultaneous exodus of the Anasazi from all their settlements, being perhaps the biggest mystery of all.

We should rescue the knowledge of the Anasazi from oblivion... and we should listen to their message.



Photo 79: The Anasazi seers during a ritual in the kiva. There, the spiritual and astronomic knowledge of a civilization was generated.

MEETING AGAIN WITH MELVIN

Northern New Mexico

Twenty-five days had gone past since the end of my visit to the four states of the American Southwest (New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and Arizona). I was in the process of organizing my notes on the Anasazi civilization.

On Thursday evening, my cell phone rings. I cannot see who is calling from the display, but I answer. I recognize Melvin's voice.

"Sam, I have arranged a meeting with an acquaintance from the Jicarilla Apache reservation. He's got some very important information on the Anasazi that you're studying."

We agree to meet in two days. At the same place as in July, in Bernalillo.

A flight to Albuquerque, then renting a car, a half-an-hour drive on I-25 to the north, and I turn at Bernalillo. In the Taco Bell parking lot, I see my dark-skinned friend. We are glad to see each other again.

"How's the writing going?" he asks.

"It's coming along, but I'll need a couple of months to finish the book," I say.

"Listen, I arranged for us to meet with Ken at about 3 p.m. in Dulce. From there he'll take us to the Anasazi cave which will be sure to interest you. So, stay on the 550, then we'll turn onto the 537 towards Dulce."

It's a comfortable drive. The September sun is still not driving away the summer. Melvin shows me the borders of his Santa Ana Pueblo tribe. We cross into the Zia Pueblo reservation, then the Jemez Pueblo reservation. He tells me about his family, his grandkids and how the young folks no longer show any interest in the old customs.

We're driving towards the northern part of New Mexico.

This is a remote unsettled region. The land is dry and rocky. After an hour and a half, we turn from the 550 onto the 537 and enter the Jicarilla Apache reservation. Melvin tells me about two parts of the reservation: the southern, rocky desert and the northern mountainous forested region.

His topics change along with the scenery. Now he tells me about the Apaches. They have their tribal council. His friend Arnold Cassador was president of the council in the late 1990s. Then the members of the Council requested a meeting where they would have a vote of no confidence – to replace him. Two days prior to this meeting Cassador resigned and was replaced by the vice-president Roger Vicente.

A few days later Cassador withdrew his resignation claiming that the Tribal Council did not have a quorum when they adopted his resignation. (Now I was really getting interested in this story.) Then Cassador came up with a petition, signed by 30% of the Jicarilla tribal members, which demanded the recall of the entire Council. Vice-President Roger Vicente withdrew; one of the members of the council, Ron Julian, takes over as temporary head.

The story goes on; Ron Julian and his men vote to replace Cassador. On the same day that he is supposed to get the document on his replacement, Cassador's sister passes away. He resigns so that he can undergo the eight-day cleansing ritual. At the end of those eight days he withdraws his resignation.

New interim elections are planned, and Cassador is the main candidate...

What is happening with the Apache? I ask myself. They are over-exposed to the influences of "a democratic society" and the games of their politicians.

Jicarilla is a Spanish word for "little basket". And, although the Apache are known as hunters, this, the southeast wing, was known for its weaving abilities when the first Spaniards arrived in these parts some 500 years ago. According to the historiography, the Apache, including the Jicarilla, came from the north, from Canada, and prior to that from across the Bering Straits, from Asia. The Jicarilla (who call themselves the "Tinde") claim that they have lived in this territory forever.

Finally, we arrive at Dulce (which they pronounce dool-si). It has a population of less than 3,000. It is the only town on the reservation. Almost all of the 1800 Jicarilla Apache live here, in their capital.

It reminds me of Roswell (hundreds of kilometers to the south). There's a long main street with decorated single-story houses and shops. Behind that first row there is nothing but open space and wild land.

Of course, the similarity with Roswell is not completely coincidental.

My information about Dulce is based on the existence of a super-secret military base (indeed, I saw a few uniformed persons on the main street); and on numerous reports by residents of UFO sightings; and on the testimony of employees of insurance companies on the existence of joint (human and Greys) genetic experiments in underground laboratories 15 kilometers from Dulce...

I asked Melvin if he had any information on the existence of extra-terrestrial civilizations and their contact with the local population. He responds off-handedly that for the Apache this is a part of daily life.

He tells me to slow down. We're in the center of the town. I stop our rental Ford Explorer (this time a 4-wheel drive) in front of a building with two tall pillars. Melvin, as usual, does not get out of the car, but simply points out the person who is headed towards us with a confident gait. He is in his fifties, with thick long black hair and a ruddy face. He climbs into the back seat.

"Ken Tsosie," he says, introducing himself.

We shake hands and I introduce myself.

(The first thing that crosses my mind is to wonder why the American Indians adopt American first names.)

"Melvin," Ken says to him, "I expected this writer of yours to be older."

I smile. "Appearances can fool you," I respond. "There's not a great difference in our ages. I am forty-four."

"Why are you interested in the Anasazi?" Ken gets right to the point.

“Because I believe that science has not answered the basic questions relating to the Anasazi; how did they suddenly appear, where did they get such advanced astronomical and spiritual knowledge, and, lastly, what happened to them at the end of the 13th century,” I reply with direct answers.

He nods. “In that case you may find certain answers to your questions after you visit the Anasazi cave.”

We head south on highway 64 some ten kilometers (six miles) and then leave the asphalt. Now it is a hard dirt road. I feel secure in the Ford. Ken explains to Melvin how the Apache are using the income from oil and gas rights to buy land bordering on the reservation. They have already spent millions of dollars in the last fifteen years. And thus, they have expanded beyond the borders of the reservation.

We come out onto another, somewhat narrower dirt road. Behind us we leave a cloud of dust. In the distance the green of the forest slowly replaces the gray shades of the canyon. I stop to take a picture; they are somewhat reluctant about the camera. We resume the drive.

“Ken, tell me something more about the cave we’re going to,” I suggest.

“Well, you see, thirty years ago I led a group of four hikers through these canyons. At one point, I showed them the ruins of a small Anasazi settlement high in the cliffs. The approach was rather difficult, several narrow passages between rocks and a steep climb. Mostly, I knew about them but I hadn’t ever come closer. This time, on the urging of my clients, we decided to take a couple of hours for this small research effort. When we got there, we saw just a couple of low walls, the ruins of maybe five rooms. From the settlement, there was a

narrow path along the edges of the canyon. After a hundred yards we came to a deep cave which was very interesting. On its walls we saw a number of pictographs, rather unusual. Inside the cave, we came across several broken ceramic pieces. They were decorated with symbols like on the walls of the cave. Then a pair of simple stone tools, a few bones and... one rather long object. We gathered around it and began to guess what it was for. Obviously, it was some kind of metal, a decorated handle and a bunch of unusual symbols, like hieroglyphs. We knew that the Anasazi did not use metal so it must be something from the white man. However, the hieroglyphs let us know that this was something very old. But, except for spirals and similar pictographs, the ancient Anasazi did not use hieroglyphs. It all seemed to make no sense.”

Suddenly, Ken interrupts his story. He asks me to slow down, and then to park in a small space beside the road.

“We’ll get out here. The rest of the way we’ll go on foot.”

Ken takes his backpack. I have a flashlight on my belt, my digital camera in my pocket, and a hat on my head. The sun is still shining brightly.

We walk half an hour. Ken continues his story. “After we finished the tour, I went to the nearby ranger station. I took the metal object with me and explained to them where I had found it. They told me that they would probably send it to Sante Fe for testing in the laboratories at the University of New Mexico.”

We had gone into the 100-meter-wide canyon. The cliffs were about 100 meters high. Like a miniature Chaco canyon, but without any signs of having been settled.

We went past the sign which read: “Area Closed Beyond Sign” and continued on.

Ken again resumed his story.

“For a full twenty-five years no one contacted me in connection with that artifact. So I had nearly forgotten about it. And then, seven years ago (in 1997) at Dulce, they asked me to meet with some folks from Washington – from the government.”

We climb along a narrow rocky pathway. We pull ourselves through the rocks and continue towards the middle of the cliff. Ken stops. He points to where we are headed. “The cave is another fifty meters down. And there is the old path which led from the Anasazi ruins to the cave.”

My enthusiasm grows. I ask myself, why is this cave so important for solving the mystery of the Anasazi?

This seems to me to be an introduction to something much more important.

THE ACIO

Northern New Mexico

Ken, Melvin and I approach a large protruding boulder. And there is yet another warning sign stuck into the ground saying it is forbidden to go further. We go around the sign and the boulder; in front of us there is a mild downward slope. The path becomes one meter wide. Some twenty meters further on, a small cave appears. The sun lights up the entrance from the west.

Ken comments calmly: "Don't worry about these warning signs. The rangers rarely come to this canyon compared to six or seven years ago. Then it was impossible to get anywhere close."

We arrive at the mouth of the cave.

At first glance it appears to me to be just the usual break in a cliff, such as I had often seen in the Anasazi world, and one of relatively smaller dimensions. The entrance was no more than three meters high, five or six meters wide.

I take out my digital camera to take pictures of the half-dark cave. But the battery was used up. The spare was in the car. And my other camera was in the car, half an hour's walk away. The batteries in digital cameras get drained so quickly. So I can only hope that we may come here again so I can manage to photograph what comes next. Ken pulls out a gas lantern from his backpack and lights it. The artificial light mixes with the daylight. Now I can begin to make out the inside of the cave. The archways are much higher than at the entrance. Maybe even eight meters high. The ground is level, the walls are curvy.

Ken goes up to one of the walls and shows us a petroglyph. A spiral, but more complex than the ones I have previously seen for the Anasazi. There is a set of marks around the main spiral lines. Next to the spiral, a symbol of cosmic life, there are stylized figures (like Christmas cookies): two arms and two legs and a head. They are connected by a line which reminds me of a curved graphicon.

Ken walks further into the cave and again brings the lantern next to the wall. New petroglyphs. And different positions of those “stick figures”; arms and legs stretched out or pulled in. And among them more combinations of spirals, circles and lines which seem to float around them.

Ken comments: “When I first came here, thirty years ago, there was only one petroglyph – the one at the entrance. Later on, the other ones appeared, as if they were adding to a story.”

This seemed strange to me, but we continued our tour through the cave. Now I could clearly see that there were four naturally carved chambers. The entrance was smaller, but the second chamber was the largest. The other two ran off that chamber. At the entrance to one of them there was a plastic curtain. Ken puts his backpack on the ground and sits on a row of rock. Melvin and I follow his lead. A short break was welcome at this point.

“To continue the story of the artifact and the visit of the folks from Washington, I was surprised when they asked me to meet them at Dulce in 1997. Some twenty-five years had passed since my discovery of the cave and it seemed strange that they should now show some interest after so many years. Anyway, in Dulce I met Dr. Neruda and his assistant, Samantha Folten. Doctor Neruda was about fifty, and Samantha was between 35 and 40. They asked me to take them to the canyon and show them the route I had taken to get to the cave. Later I

learned that they worked for the secret government organization named ACIO...”

In the network of public and secret intelligence agencies in the United States, the NSA (National Security Agency) takes a special place. This is an organization hidden behind a veil of secrets – an organization that controls all communication streams from its establishment in 1952. It is the largest employer for the highly educated profile of experts; among other things, they employ several thousands of the most gifted mathematicians of our time. Its employees number 40,000 (although that number is still marked “secret”), exceeding the number in the CIA and FBI combined. The working day of the president of the U.S. (including the current one`s who is not known for too carefully following the briefing sessions) begins with the NSA reports which are overseeing every point on and around the planet.

(I am reminded of the Congressional hearing where General Hayden, director of the agency, was asked why they were spying on a large number of American citizens, from ordinary citizens to politicians such as Hilary Clinton.)

The NSA (“No Such Agency” or “Never Say Anything”) controls the security and computer systems of all the other intelligence agencies, both civilian and military in the USA.

From the wings of such agencies and their most intelligent members, a super-secret office is formed which is known by the name of ACIO (Advanced Contact Intelligence Organization). The sole task of this brain center of the planet is to gather all information related to extra-terrestrial technology and to adapt it for

application, first for military and later for commercial purposes.

Thanks to the access to these technologies, the ACIO has been able to offer new technologies to the military-industrial complex. In this way they have ensured an enormous financial return, which has made them independent of the military budget and the founding agency (NSA).

The independent ACIO went on in 1963 to form an even more select group known as the Labyrinth Group. It was headed, from the outset, by a 29-year-old individual known only as “Fifteen”. (Fifteen is, otherwise, the highest-level security clearance in the USA.)

“Fifteen” was only 22 years old when he joined the ACIO. Even then the genius and vastly superior intelligence of this young man was evident – his ambition was to create a computer which will be powerful enough to enable travel through time. Not understood by his intellectually inferior professors, “Fifteen” ended up in the Bell Labs, which had heard of his reputation, and from there, he quickly became a member of the ACIO.

His thinking finally manages to fall on fertile ground. He assumes a leading position in the ACIO and seven years later he founds the Labyrinth Group with the exclusive intention of developing the technology of time travel. He called it BST (Blank State Technology).

Time travel is not something new to the civilizations of this planet. A large number of spiritual communities and scientific institutes have achieved travel of the soul through time and space: from the monks of Tibet to the Maya and Anasazi, from the Monroe Institute to the SRV (Scientific Remote Viewing) Institute in America. However, the role of the soul in this travel was passive: they could only observe the events unfolding before

them, not actively participate in them or even change them.

“Fifteen” had a plan to develop the technology which would enable him to change history at, what he referred to as, “intervention points”. This involved special energy concentrations which create significant events in human history. For example, the beginning of a war or the ascension of a dictator to power. Or the downfall of the Soviet Union. Or the start of the American, Soviet or Chinese space program.

The reason that “Fifteen” wanted to develop this technology was his desire to means of protecting against any extra-terrestrial aggressors. For him the BST technology was “the key to freedom for mankind”. How?

Suppose an unknown civilization appears from the depth of the cosmos sometime in the future and decides to subdue the population of our planet by use of its superior technology. How are we to defend ourselves against a more powerful enemy?

According to “Fifteen” the only defense is to change the course of history, to turn away the scout ships of superior civilizations to another route before they arrive at our tiny Solar system or on the periphery of the Milky Way galaxy.

So now let’s see what the connection may be between the futuristic plans of “Fifteen”, the elitist organizations of our planet, the remote canyons of New Mexico, the ancient Anasazi and my American Indian friends.

Ken continues his story: “At the parking lot there were two black Chevy Suburban vans. In addition to Doctor Neruda and Samantha, I was introduced to another three members of the team. I took them to the cave.

In the bag of the team leader I could hear a quiet buzzing. He stopped and pulled out an object which I could recognize. It was the artifact I had found 25 years earlier. Neruda was surprised.

He says that they had tested the artifact with various methods and this was the first time it reacted.

Later I was told that the object was made of a combination of titanium and beryllium. This is not found in nature. If you also consider the strange symbols or hieroglyphs on the object, it seems completely extraterrestrial.

Neruda later admitted to me that they were also unable to determine its age using the carbon dating method, and they had not managed to get into its internal control mechanism. Various spectrum analyses, including x-rays, yielded no results. In other words, they had been unable to do anything more than scratch the surface of figuring out anything about the object.

We had gone a bit farther towards the inside of the cave. The artifact began to buzz more intently. The leader of the little group went straight up to the wall of one of the smaller chambers inside the cave. Within less than 25 meters from the entrance was the end of the natural cave.”

At that moment Ken gestures to Merlin and me in the direction of the curtain on the wall. “The group of five scientists were then standing with me in front of this wall. At that time in the place of this curtain there was a stone plate, two and a half meters long and twenty centimeters thick. At first glance it seemed that the cave ended here. But at the same time, something told us that there was something behind that huge stone plate. We tried to move it, but it was too heavy.”

I look over towards that curtain and imagine the curiosity of the ACIO team from Washington. What could be hidden within the cave? A passageway? A tunnel? Why would someone cover it up? Perhaps that wouldn't be so interesting had it not been for this strange object which was, like a compass, directing the members of the team towards the stone plate.

At this time, Melvin did not say much. It seemed that this was also all news to him.

Ken went on:

“Two members of the team came back with big sledge hammers and some tools. They started to break up the stone plate. Pieces of stone were flying around the cave. The beams of the flashlights were pointed at the broken plate. Eventually, after two hours, the team managed to clean the floor and the wall of the fragments of the stone plate.

Our expectations proved justified. We saw a meter-wide tunnel in front of us. We took our things and began to make our way through the tunnel. I was leading the way. The tunnel went straight and then at the end it turned, forming a “J”.

We came out in front of a spiral staircase. The group leader warned us to be careful, because this location could still be “active”.

We went down the stairs. We saw two carved heads in the rock - in the form of a human profile - one facing the other. The symbolism was clear: now we were in front of the entrance ...”

THE CAVE

Northern New Mexico

Ken slowly moves back the curtain, bends over and holds the gas lantern forward. He motions Melvin and me to follow him. I turn on my flashlight. I look at the walls of the round tunnel. They are smooth. Clearly, the rock was cut with some advanced technology. I ask myself why they did not make it with a diameter of more than a meter, so that one could walk through it comfortably, rather than crawl.

There is an absolute silence. It is as if the tunnel leads to a completely new world. The air is pleasantly cool. My eyes are getting used to the semi-darkness. I touch the walls. They are made very finely, almost polished. There is no doubt, this was not created by nature but is man-made or... made by someone.

After some twenty meters the tunnel turns. And then we come to a wider space. We see a spiral staircase. In coming out of the tunnel I immediately notice a petroglyph carved into the stone. This is something altogether different from anything I have ever seen before. Perfect lines, as if cut by a laser into the hard rock.

We walk down the stairs. The floor of this chamber is clean. There is no gravel, sand, or dirt. It has been painted with some kind of grease or rubberized mass. Ken's lantern provides enough light; I see that this oily paint is also on the walls, and even on the archways of the cave.

That is to say, if this can even be called a cave. Because someone has invested a lot of effort to drill out

the walls of this canyon and make these artificial chambers.

Ken leads us onward with a slow but sure pace. He raises the lantern. We see before us the profiles of human faces carved (or added) to the walls of the cave. They form a half-open gate. They connect the archway with the floor.

We have stepped out of one world into another completely new one.

“Fifteen” is 180 cm tall (5 ft. 10 in.), born in 1934. His silver-gray hair is of shoulder length; he usually wears it in a pony-tail. He has piercing brown eyes. He was born in Spain. He has devoted his whole life to work on the development of technology for time travel. His normal working day is 20 hours long; he sleeps only 4 hours every night. He is perfectly focussed and does not waste time on developing other projects which have no connection with his own. In the ACIO organization there are always a few such projects and “Fifteen” does not get involved in them. On the other hand, in the Labyrinth Group, every project is connected with the technology of time travel.

“Fifteen” got his first gray hair while still in his twenties. While most students are thinking about girls and parties at that age, he had already devoted himself to his life’s mission. It is true that in the 1950’s time travel was considered a waste of time within academic circles. As a result, “Fifteen” came into conflict with his professors who felt threatened when talking with him. He was simply extremely much more creative and better equipped with knowledge. In addition, he was stubborn. When his professors directed him to get involved with something else he would simply brush them off as being intellectually limited.

He was thrown out of university; but he was approached by the Bell Laboratories. His research on quantum objects (electrons and neutrons) and how consciousness can influence them was of interest to them. However, the claim of “Fifteen” that Einstein’s theory of relativity was inadequate, because it failed to take into account the influence of consciousness on quantum objects, was considered heresy within scientific circles.

At that time “Fifteen” could not prove this mathematically, but he secretly continued to work on his own. Then he was noticed by the super-secret ACIO intelligence agency. Their leader at that time recognized his strength of intellect and supercreativity. He became a member of the organization; his identity and all data about his life were deleted from the records.

Next followed his climb to the position of director of development in the ACIO. Later he was exposed to a special process for increasing intelligence and memory potential (Corteum intelligence accelerator technology). Every member of the Labyrinth Group went through this process. However, the most effective influence was seen on “Fifteen” and in such a way that he was additionally more advanced than the rest.

It is with good reason that “Fifteen” is considered the most intelligent human alive.

This brilliant mind is at the head of the two most advanced organizations on this planet: the ACIO and the Labyrinth Group.

Ken stops between the two human stone profiles and says: “When I came down these steps and up to this gate seven years ago, together with the group of five researchers from the ACIO organization, something interesting happened. The artifact that was being carried

by the leader of the group and which had mysteriously activated in the cave, with its sound becoming stronger in that narrow tunnel, suddenly began to become quieter. When we reached this point, it went completely silent.”

Melvin and I listen attentively. Somehow it seems to us that every bit of information is very precious.

Ken went on: “Then we knew that the purpose of that artifact, or piece of equipment, was fulfilled. It was not a coincidence that we had found it at the entrance to the cave. Nor was it coincidental that it turned on and became louder when it was leading us along the correct path. When we reached these gates, it was no longer needed.”

At that moment Ken turned and moved forward. He went past those carved profiles. He entered the chamber in front of us. Melvin and I followed. Ken lifted his gas lantern into the air.

We stopped. We froze. There was an icy atmosphere that is not of this world. This was a moment when a man feels that he has come to a place which is part of a more advanced civilization. Respect and curiosity.

I don’t know how long this first encounter with the unknown and our standing there frozen lasted. Ken patiently held the lantern high and slowly turned around.

The light fell upon the features of this round chamber. It had perhaps a radius of four meters, but it was rather high - probably six meters. It had been carved in one go, with a plan, with regularity, and painted with that rubber-like protective substance.

The reason that we had been left speechless was the huge wall painting consisting of a combination of bright and dark colors. A pleasant blue framed the painting. (I recalled the special blue color of the Maya.) In the

middle, there were irregular round shapes in different colors: brown, purple, yellow, light brown, a red moon on a light blue background... At the bottom of the painting there was a white surface (in the shape of a boot) with hieroglyphic signs on it: spirals, something like the symbol for female and male, a stylized figure of a man (its head with eight lines instead of the four we had become used to), a zig-zag line ending with a curve into a slightly larger circle (a male sperm cell?)...

Thirty meters behind us is the entrance into the cave and the exit to everyday life. And we stand here before a plethora of questions in a part of the world about which we know nothing.

Ken slowly moves towards the passageway which leads to another chamber. What will it show us?

The headquarters of the largest intelligence agency in the USA – the National Security Agency (NSA) – is in Washington. Tens of thousands of employees spend their working lives in secrecy here. The headquarters of the ACIO (Advanced Contact Intelligence Organization) is on the other side of America, far from the hubbub of the civilian and military intelligence services. A stony desert, near to Palm Springs in California, hides the well-established underground laboratory complex. On the surface there is just a long single-story building with antennae and satellite dishes on the roof. In the twenty stories beneath the ground there are the offices and research laboratories for 226 scientists of the ACIO agency.

At the entrance to the complex the gate has a humble marker declaring: “United States Government Experimental Weather Center: Restricted Access.” So, this is the government’s experimental center for the control of weather conditions, with access denied to

ordinary mortals. Indeed, eleven scientists at the surface are working on influencing and controlling weather conditions. And for this work they are receiving funds from the U.S. Federal Budget. Of course, this is only a cover for what is really going on underground.

ACIO is the intelligence center of our planet. Among other things, in their library one will find all the books of known and generally unknown prophecies over the last several thousand years. These books have been collected through decades of purchases from other libraries throughout the world. Most of these prophecies speak of a secret civilization from the depths of the cosmos which after 2012 will take control of the planet.

Inside the ACIO agency there are several informational and security levels. All of the scientists who, since 1969, have reached the 12th or higher security level become members of an exclusive planetary group: the Labyrinth Group. Their total number is 66. All of them have previously gone through various methods of strengthening their intellectual capabilities (photographic memory, access to secret information, multiple intensification of intelligence and creative thinking, parapsychological abilities, etc.).

As a security mechanism each of them has a small transmitter (the size of a grain of rice) implanted in the back of their head. This device strengthens the energetic radiation of the organism. (Every person gives off a different frequency; this was discovered by ACIO in the late 1950s. This is similar to finger-prints being different for each human being.) By means of a satellite the movement of all ACIO scientists is tracked, such that so far this agency has not had escapees. (Except... Well, more about that later.)

At the head of the Labyrinth Group is the Executive Board of Directors consisting of seven members who have a level 14 security clearance. They are: Li-Ching,

director of communications and protocol, James Loudon, operations director, Leonard Ortman, director of research and development, Lee Whittman, director of all connections with ACIO projects, Jeremy Sauders, director of special projects and James Evans, head of security and defense (a former member of the elite Navy Seals).

This is the closest circle of colleagues of the only man on the planet who has a security clearance of fifteen, who is simply known within his circle as “Fifteen”.

The annual salary of these chosen scientists is on average half a million dollars (twice that of the president of the US). And there is no withholding of taxes, because officially these people do not exist anymore with the identity that they were born with. Most of them live in a settlement not far from the laboratories. Their humble three-bedroom homes and used cars give no hint of their being humble “millionaires”. Indeed, none of them live in a luxurious manner nor do they spend a lot of money. Most of them donate to charitable organizations.

Ken’s lantern lights up another chamber. Melvin and I are left speechless. Like people who come to a big city for the first time in their lives and see all those skyscrapers and their jaws drop from all the awe and wonder.

THE “ANCIENT ARROW” PROJECT

Northern New Mexico

A narrow passageway about ten meters long separates the first and second chamber. It curves slightly. Ken’s lantern lights up the arches of the second chamber. Another round room, with a four-meter radius, with arches six meters in height. Perfectly smooth walls. And, of course, a new picture on the wall.

A sky-blue color dominates the background. Stretched circles overlap. The outer wrapping is written in hieroglyphs. At the bottom of the picture there is a landscape which reminds one of the rocky desert of New Mexico. There is a moon in the upper right corner.

Ken’s light and my flashlight move to the picture. I get the impression that light is shining from the picture. Do these pictures move? This is no longer just the feeling of depth I get when I look at these drawings.

These circles, which overlap one another, which melt into one another, remind one of a passageway from the New Mexico landscape to the night sky...

Professor Stevens teaches archeology at the University of New Mexico. At one time, he had been given the artifact found in the canyon for analysis. He quickly established that it was an extraterrestrial object from the material it was made of, the hieroglyphs never before encountered, the shape and characteristics of this object which could not be analyzed in any way accessible to modern science. Stevens notified a number of his colleagues and friends about his findings via e-mail.

Since he used the word “extraterrestrial” in his e-mails the Central American Intelligence Program – which reads and analyzes all e-mails on the Internet – picked up on this. Because of its contents, the e-mail was sent for analysis to the ACIO. From there, “Fifteen” passed it on to the security chief Evans. Within 36 hours of the time that professor Stevens received the artifact, Evans’s team was at his office. They introduced themselves as members of the NSA (National Security Agency), and declared the artifact an object “of national interest”, took possession of it and removed it to their headquarters in California.

The red-headed, pretty (and somewhat plump) Samantha Folten works in the Remote Viewing Department of the ACIO. At the age of 35, she was known as having well-developed parapsychological abilities. Methods of remote viewing (“mental projection at a distance”) have been developed in a number of intelligence agencies (CIA, FBI, NSA, ACIO, KGB, MI, etc.) from the 1970s to the present. By means of these mental projections, the “souls” of the agents are able to go to any point in space and time on the Earth or in the universe and to bring back information (audio and visual). The California ACIO and the Labyrinth Group have gone furthest in this technique, because their visits and reports have been much more precise and detailed than those of others. Samantha’s security clearance level has been moved from five (prior to the New Mexico project) to seven.

The forty-seven-year-old pre-maturely balding Darius McGavin is the director of the department of special projects in the NSA. Since the time that the NSA founded the ACIO in the early 1950s (for the study and application of extraterrestrial technology that had been found), within the framework of the department of special projects, Darius McGavin actually outranks the ACIO director, the powerful “Fifteen”. However, the ACIO very successfully hides its real intentions from its

founders, such that neither the NSA nor Darius knows the extent or the depth of their projects.

On several occasions they attempted to infiltrate, but using ACIO special methods (techniques of partial erasure of memory), they were quickly neutralized. Darius McGavin was a brilliant student wherever he studied: as an undergraduate at the Air Force Academy, at MIT (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) and as a doctoral student at Yale.

The NSA accepted him as one of their own when he was only 23. In just 11 years Darius had arrived at the powerful position of head of Special Projects and had a thousand scientists and a set of intelligence agencies under him. According to the information that Darius had, he was aware that “Fifteen” was selling “a pure super-technology” (developed by superior civilizations) to financial plutocrats who controlled the world and the financial markets, as the behind-the-scenes “world government”.

Incunabula possibly seems to be the right word for the financial rulers of this planet. A chosen group of the wealthiest men who hold in their possession the greatest share of gold reserves, platinum, diamonds, and other precious gems; they control the executive function of the American Federal Reserve, the International Monetary Fund, and the World Bank; they own the largest world banks; they are the founders and controllers of elite organizations such as the Bilderberg Group, the Tri-lateral Commission or the Council for International Relations (British and American). With the help of the technology and software obtained from the ACIO and “Fifteen”, they completely control the major world financial markets and point them in their desired directions.

It is well known that they possess technology for the control of meteorological conditions (the Pabulum seed).

“Fifteen” has also provided them with many other high-tech toys which help them to play with international borders and the movement of political power from one center to another. In return, “Fifteen” has unlimited access to financial resources and the political protection he needs for the unhindered development of “time travel” technology.

This “Incunabula” was once a select group of rulers and kings; although the blue blood of royalty still plays a key role, the doors have been occasionally opened also for certain chosen super-wealthy people. They in fact do not have absolute power on the planet. Competition for them is occasionally made by certain politicians in power for a time who are not among their members, by certain parts of intelligence services, and certain large corporations.

Doctor Jamisson Neruda is a brilliant polyglot who speaks 30 different modern languages and twelve dead ones. He is the world’s expert on the decodification of petroglyphs and hieroglyphs. He is a member of the ACIO and the Labyrinth Group with a security clearance of thirteen. Born in 1949 in Bolivia, he came to America with his father, also a brilliant scientist, who in 1952 discovered the remains of an extraterrestrial vehicle (UFO) in Bolivia. Since he took parts of the motor from this UFO, this served as a tool for negotiations with the Americans, who gave him (and his son, Jamisson) citizenship and a position in the ACIO.

Doctor Neruda was head of the “Ancient Arrow” project from 1996 – the project which researched the strange artifact and the cave found in New Mexico, left behind by an unknown superior civilization. After comparison with the writing and languages of the cultures of the Sumerians, Maya and Anasazi, Doctor Neruda managed to decypher the hieroglyphs and to come into contact with that civilization with the intention of making the truth public. His intentions were thwarted

by the Labyrinth Group; his superior, Jeremy Sauders, took him off the project and transferred him to another one. For fear that they will use the technology of partial memory erasure on him, Dr. Neruda decided to escape. In the spring of 1997, Dr. Neruda became the first ACIO member to disappear without a trace from this super-secret organization. He managed to remove the transmitter chip from his shoulder. He devoted his life to researching the remaining six caves of the “time capsule” similar to the one in New Mexico. They are located on different continents and when they are all found, the answer can be obtained as to how to develop the technology necessary for defending the planet from the predicted invasion of 2011.

Every time an e-mail is sent on the Internet, the respective text is checked for key words of interest to the intelligence agencies. Thus, for example, this text which you are now reading is full of names and references to technologies which could set off an alarm by the search algorithm.

While following the path of a comet in the night sky in 1773, Charles Messier discovered a galaxy which today is known by the catalog name of M51. Eight years later, his friend, astronomer Pierre Mechain, noticed that this galaxy touches a somewhat smaller galaxy catalogued as NGC 5195. Only in the middle of the next (19th) century with a somewhat more sophisticated telescope did Lord Rosse establish that the M51 galaxy had a spiral shape.

This was to be the first spiral galaxy “discovered” by our civilization.

Further study established that the neighboring NGC 5195 galaxy was also a spiral. Thus, we have one larger

and one smaller spiral, at a distance of some thirty million years away from our planet.

Of course, today we have gone a few steps further in the study of the cosmos. It is postulated that the known cosmos consists of about 20 billion such galaxies. And each one, such as M51, has on an average 100 billion solar systems.

Nonetheless, among all of those endless options, the fact remains that our telescopes did discover the first spiral galaxy, M51, which has its own smaller companion spiral galaxy.

The impressive high plateau, the Fajada Butte, at the entrance to Chaco Canyon, has, at its highest point, Anasazi petroglyphs. They are two spirals: a smaller and a larger one, which follow the path of the Sun and through a game of rays of light determine accurately the days of the winter and summer solstices.

Is this merely a coincidence? Or had the Anasazi, a thousand years prior to the “official discovery” of the double cosmic spiral, known about this M51 galaxy which is not even visible to the naked eye?

If they knew about these galaxies, were their visionaries the source of this information and encountered it during their spiritual travels?

Or is the solution, this time, hidden in this material realm? Did the Anasazi have access to the secret cave, created by an unknown, superior civilization, where there could be found, carved on the walls, such spirals and perhaps a number of hieroglyphic explanations?

This cave was only a few dozen kilometers from Chaco Canyon and Pueblo Bonita, the heart of the Anasazi world, where it all began in the year 850.

Ken, Melvin and I leave the second chamber and go into the dark hallway. After ten meters of the semi-circular narrow tunnel there is an entrance into another, third chamber. It is identical in shape to the previous one, circular with high archways. On the walls, there is a new picture. In the upper left-hand corner there is a stylized Kokopeli with a flute and sound circulating in all directions. In the upper right-hand corner there is the shape of a male human with his arms and legs outstretched.

I immediately recognize the symbols as the same ones which were on the stone walls in the Anasazi settlements, as well as their protecting power. Once again, the sky is filled with stars in the background and the shape of a crescent moon can be seen. In the middle of the picture, on the left and right, you can see a triangle, a spiral and a circular gate with hieroglyphs...

The questions I pose and the answers I receive connected with the Anasazi throw a new light on this. I knew that their culture had not risen through the slow evolutionary process that science advocates and attempts to prove. They had simply suddenly appeared out of nowhere as a civilization in the mid-ninth century in the canyons of New Mexico.

Their knowledge of astronomy, their use of energy streams of the Earth and the Sun, their use of frequencies in everyday life... now became explicable.

My thoughts are interrupted by Melvin. He asks Ken if anything else was found in these chambers when they first set foot in here.

“Yes. In each chamber there was one artifact. In the first, for example, there was a dish which clearly

belonged to the Anasazi. In the second there was a rectangular crystal object...”

We keep on going. It feels as if we are constantly going lower, down these hallways and chambers. The hallways are dark and winding. The chambers are each shining with their colors and the feeling remains that the pictures are more than three-dimensional creations; are they four, or even five dimensional?

Are they, perhaps, a passageway to another world, to their secret creators...?

Finally, we arrive at the last room. The twenty-third chamber. There is another picture on the smooth wall, but all the rest is different. The floor is unfinished. The rubber-like coating is missing. Did the original builders find themselves out of time, so they did not finish this chamber?

Or did they leave it unfinished deliberately? What could be the symbolism of this complex?

Twenty-three rooms, connected by tunnels, in the shape of a spiral... Our DNA has 23 pairs of chromosomes. This cave has 23 rooms and in them 23 artifacts were placed... which makes up 23 pairs.

The shape of this cave complex is a spiral... identical to the spiral shape of our DNA. The thing that makes our species unique in the cosmos is our DNA. Why then is the 23rd chamber unfinished?

Is our DNA, symbolically speaking, incomplete? What might it be that is missing in our genetic code? An advancement of the species? And if it is, in what direction could the species be advanced? My thoughts are racing. I know that our human civilization is short of understanding its cosmic component and of complementing our physical senses (the five senses) with

the spiritual realm. It seems only logical then that we should be left a message which warns us that our genetic makeup is not the final story. And that we are facing a genetic leap which will advance our species.

On the way back, I ask Ken whether testing has been done of the age of these chambers and pictures. He says that he saw Dr. Neruda again only once. At that time Neruda told him that carbon dating had established that the paintings on the wall dated from 850 A.D.

This answered a whole series of my questions. The Anasazi, then, did have examples which helped them to form an advanced civilization in the middle of rocky deserts and canyons.

Melvin was right to have invited me to come on this journey. The illumination of the mysteries of the Anasazi had begun.

INDEX OF NAMES AND CONCEPTS

**(WITH CHAPTER NUMBER WHERE THEY
APPEAR)**

A

- Akoma, a tribe of Pueblo Indians, New Mexico, (1)**
- Albuquerque, a modern city of 500,000 in New Mexico, (1)**
- Al Wetherill, archeologist and rancher (1896), (1), (11)**
- Andrew Douglas, astronomer, Arizona (1929), (3)**
- Antelope House, an Anasazi settlement, Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, (18)**
- Antonio de Narbona, Spanish commander (1805), (18)**
- Apache, a group of related Indian tribes, New Mexico, (1)**
- Aztec, an Anasazi settlement, New Mexico, (3), (9), (10)**
- Aztecs, a pre-Columbian Mexican civilization, (5), (16)**

B

- Balcony House, an Anasazi settlement at Mesa Verde, Colorado, (11)**
- Betatakin, an Anasazi settlement at Navaho National Monument, Arizona, (16)**
- Black Mesa, a desert rock mesa in Arizona, (15)**
- Bloomfield, a modern small town in New Mexico, (9)**

C

Canyon de Chelly, a location of several Anasazi settlements in Arizona, (17), (18), (19)

Canyon del Muerto, a location of several Anasazi settlements in Arizona, (18)

Carlos Castaneda, American author (1988), (13)

Carravahal, a Mexican leader (1849), (6)

Casa Chiquita, an Anasazi settlement, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (6)

Casa Rinconada, an Anasazi settlement and observatory, (6)

Cayon Group, an Anasazi settlement, Hovenweep, Utah, (14)

Chetro Ketl, an Anasazi settlement, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (5),(6)

Chaco Canyon, the central location of the Anasazi world, New Mexico, (1), (2), (3), (4), (5), (6), (7), (8), (9), (10), (12), (13), (14), (15) (16), (19)

Chichen Itza, a Mayan city, Yucatan, Mexico, (16)

Chimney Rock, an Anasazi settlement and observatory, Colorado, (19)

Chinle, a Navaho Indian trading post, Arizona, (17)

Cibola, a mythical region of the American Southwest with “seven golden cities”, (1)

Citadel, an Anasazi settlement, Wupatki National Monument, Arizona, (19)

Cliff Palace, an Anasazi settlement, Mesa Verde, Colorado, (12), (13)

Cocopa, an Indian tribe in Arizona, (15)

Copan, a Mayan city, Honduras, (19)

Coronado State Monument, an Anasazi archeological park and museum, (1)

Coronado, Don Francisco Vásquez de (1540), (1)

Cortez, a modern small town in Colorado, (13)

Cosmos Mindeleff, archeologist (1882), (18)

D

Dave Wilson, Navaho guide (2004), Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, (17), (18)

Dendrochronology, a scientific method for establishing the age of plants, (3), (19)

De Miera, a Spanish explorer (1770), (8)

Diné (“The People”), the Navaho name for themselves, (17)

Don Huan Mates, a Mexican Shaman (1988), (13)

Durango, a small town in Colorado, (11)

E

Earl Morris, archeologist (1934), (9), (10)

E.L. Hewett, archeologist (1930), (9), (10)

Erland Nordenskiöld, a Swedish explorer (1891), (11)

Esteban, a leader of the Conquistadors (1540), (1)

F

Fajada Butte, an Anasazi astronomy observatory, Chaco canyon, New Mexico, (2), (14)

Face Rock, an Anasazi settlement, Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, (18)

Farmington, a modern small town in New Mexico, (1), (9), (10)

Flagstaff, a modern town in Arizona, (19)

Four Corners Monuments, the meeting point of the borders of four states: New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Arizona, (15)

Fourth World, according to Hopi Inidan legend, the world we live in today, (16), (17)

G

Goodman Point, an Anasazi settlement, Montezuma Basin, Colorado, (19)

Grand Canyon, the place where, according to legend, the Anasazi and Hopi came from the bowels of the Earth, (13), (15)

Grasshopper Ruins, an Anasazi settlement, Arizona, (15)

Gustaf Nordenskiöld, a Swedish baron and explorer of the Mesa Verde canyon, (11), (13)

H

Havas, a canyon in Arizona, (15)

Havasupai, an Indian tribe in Arizona, (15)

Havikuh, a settlement of Zuni Indians in New Mexico, (1)

Hemenway House, an Anasazi settlement, Mesa Verde, Colorado, (13)

Hemez, a tribe of Pueblo Indians, New Mexico, (1)

Henry Jackson, photographer and explorer (1877), (5)

Hernan Cortez, a 17th-century Spanish Conquistador, (16)

Hisatsinom, a Hopi name for the Anasazi, (9)

Hokoham, contemporaries of the Anasazi, Arizona and New Mexico, (15)

Holly House, an Anasazi settlement, Hovenweep National Monument, Utah, (14)

Hopi, an Indian tribe, followers of the customs of the Anasazi, (1), (2), (4), (6), (12), (13), (15), (16), (17)

House of Many Windows, an Anasazi settlement, Mesa Verde, Colorado, (13)

Hovenweep Castle, House, and National Monument, two Anasazi settlements and an archeological park in Utah, (14)

Hungo Pavi, an Anasazi settlement, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (3), (6)

J

James H. Simpson, lieutenant of the American Army (1849), (6), (18)

J. W. Hewkes, archeologist (1917), (14)

Javapai, and Indian tribe in Arizona, (19)

John Newberry, geologist (1859), (9)

John Wetherill, explorer of the world of the Anasazi (1891), (11)

Jute, a group of related Indian tribes in Colorado and Utah, (1), (11)

Junction Ruin, an Anasazi settlement, Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, (18)

K

Kachina, a three-fold symbol of the Hopi: a natural force, a mask, and a doll, (13), (16)

Kayenta, one of three architectural styles of the Anasazi (in addition to the Chaco and Mesa Verde style), (16)

Keet Seel, an Anasazi settlement, Navaho National Monument, Arizona, (16)

Kin Kletso, an Anasazi settlement, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (6), (7)

Kit Carson, a Colonel of the American Army (1863), (18)

Kiva, a circular-shaped building with astronomic characteristics, a meeting place for conducting spiritual ceremonies of the Anasazi, (3), (4), (5), (6), (7), (8), (9), (10), (12), (14), (15), (19)

Kochiti, a tribe of Pueblo Indians, New Mexico, (1)

Kokopeli, a symbol of fertility for many civilizations of both Americas, “the Casanova of the Anasazi”, (17)

Kokopelimana, the wife of Kokopeli, (17)

Kuana, a small town of the Pueblo Indians, New Mexico, (1)

Kukulkan, a deity of the Maya, (16)

L

Laguna, a tribe of Pueblo Indians, New Mexico, (1)

Lancaster Ruin, an Anasazi settlement, Montezuma Basin, Colorado, (19)

La Plata, a mountain peak and astronomic orientation point of the Anasazi, Colorado, (12), (13)

Ledge Ruin, an Anasazi settlement, Mesa Verde, Colorado, (13)

Lomaki, an Anasazi settlement, Wupatki National Monument, Arizona, (19)

Long House, an Anasazi settlement, Mesa Verde, Colorado, (13)

Lowry, an Anasazi settlement, Montezuma Basin, Arizona, (19)

M

Magollon, contemporaries of the Anasazi, Arizona, (15)

Maya, a civilization in Central America, (2), (3), (8), (15), (16), (19)

Marcos de Nica, a Spanish friar (1539), (10)

Maricopa, an Indian tribe in Arizona, (15)

Massacre Cave, an Anasazi settlement, Canyon de Chelly, (18)

Mesa Verde, Canyon and National Park, an archeological park with a large number of Anasazi settlements, Colorado, (1), (10), (11), (12), (13), (14), (16), (19)

Metonic cycle, a lunar cycle comprising eighteen and a half years which was observed by the Anasazi astronomers, (2), (12), (19)

Mishongnovi, a Hopi settlement in Arizona, (16)

Moctezuma / Montezuma, the last Aztec ruler, Mexico, (16)

Mojave, an Indian tribe, Arizona, (15)

Monte Alban, a center for ceremonial and astronomic purposes, Oaxaca, Mexico, (19)

Montezuma Basin, an archeological park with Anasazi settlements in Colorado, (19)

Montezuma Castle, an Anasazi settlement, Arizona, (19)

Montezuma's Spring, an oasis with the ruins of several Anasazi settlements in Arizona, (19)

Mormons, white settlers in Utah, (11)

Mud Spring, an Anasazi settlement, Montezuma Basin, Colorado, (19)

Mummy Cave, an Anasazi settlement, Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, (18)

N

Navaho, a group of related Indian tribes, Arizona and New Mexico, (1), (4), (5), (6), (10), (11), (13), (15), (17), (18)

Nazca lines, a complex of geometrical and zoomorphic figures in the rocky desert of Peru, (8)

New Alto, an Anasazi settlement, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (6)

North Star, a deity of the Navaho Indians, (15)

O

Old Oraibi, the oldest Hopi settlement in Arizona, (16), (17), (18)

P

Pahana, according to Hopi legend "the long-awaited lost white brother", (16)

Palenque, a Mayan city, Chiapas, Mexico, (19)

Pedro de Tovar, Spanish Conquistador (1539), (16)

Penasco Blanco, an Anasazi settlement, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (6)

Phoenix, a modern city of a million inhabitants, Arizona, (19)

Petroglyphs, astronomic and spiritual Anasazi symbols carved in stone, (2), (18)

Pictographs, painted astronomic and spiritual Anasazi symbols carved in stone, (12), (17)

Pictograph Point, a location of Anasazi petroglyphs, Mesa Verde, Colorado, (13)

Threatening Rock, a giant rock which collapsed on Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (4)

The First Mesa, a region in a Hopi reservation in Arizona, (16)

Pueblo Alto, an Anasazi settlement, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (6)

Pueblo Bonito, a settlement and center of the Anasazi world, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (3), (4), (5), (6), (8), (10), (16)

Pueblo del Arroyo, an Anasazi settlement, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (6), (10)

Pueblo Indians, a group of 19 Indian tribes, followers of Anasazi customs, New Mexico, (1), (2), (3), (4), (6), (12) (16)

Q

Quetzalcoatl, an Aztec deity, Mexico, (16)

R

Red Mesa, a plateau in the desert of Arizona, (15)

Richard Wetherill, explorer and researcher of the world of the Anasazi, (1896), (5), (11), (12)

Rimrock House, an Anasazi settlement, Hovenweep, Utah, (14)

S

Sand Canyon, an Anasazi settlement, Montezuma Basin, Colorado, (19)

Sandia, a reservation of the Pueblo Indians, New Mexico, (1)

San Ysidro, a modern small town in New Mexico, (1)

Santa Ana, a tribe of Pueblo Indians, New Mexico, (1)

Santo Domingo, a tribe of Pueblo Indians, New Mexico, (1)

San Pedro, a river in New Mexico, (1)

Scorpio constellation, the Navaho deity Gah heet'e'ii, (15)

Shiprock, a modern small town, New Mexico, (13)

Shungo Pavi, a Hopi settlement in Arizona, (16)

Sinagua, contemporaries of the Anasazi, Arizona, (15)

Sipapu, a symbolic link between the two worlds and the two dimensions of the Hopi Indians and, it is supposed, among the Anasazi, (2), (13)

Sleeping Ute Mountain, a sacred mountain of the Utah tribe in Colorado, (15)

Sliding House, an Anasazi settlement, Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, (18)

Spider Rock, an Anasazi settlement, Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, (18)

Spruce Tree House, an Anasazi settlement, Mesa Verde, Colorado, (13)

Sun Temple, an observatory of the Anasazi at Mesa Verde, Colorado, (12), (13)

Supai, a geological layer, Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, (17)

T

Tasavuh, the Hopi name for the Navaho Indians, (16)

Teotihuacan, a monumental center of ancient civilizations of Mexico, (8), (19)

Tikal, a monumental center of the Maya, in Guatemala, (19)

Tohajili, a tribe of Pueblo Indians, New Mexico, (1)
Tolteca, the wise men of ancient civilizations of Mexico, (2), (5), (19)
The Third Mesa, a region in a Hopi reservation in Arizona, (16)
Tseyi, a Navaho name for Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, (17)
Tsin Kletzin, an Anasazi settlement, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (6)
Tula, the capital city of the Tolteca, Mexico, (16)
Tuzigoot National Monument, an archeological park with several Anasazi settlements, Arizona, (19)

U

Una Vita, an Anasazi settlement, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (6)
Unit-Type House, an Anasazi residence at Hovenweep, Utah, (14)

W

Walapi, an Indian tribe, Arizona, (15)
Walpi, a settlement of Hopi Indians, Arizona, (16)
W.D. Huntington, the leader of a Mormon expedition (1854), (14)
White House, an Anasazi settlement, Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, (18)
Wijiji, an Anasazi settlement, Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, (6)
William Prescott, author of “The Conquest of Mexico”, (9)
Wilson Ruin, an Anasazi settlement, Montezuma Basin, Colorado, (19)
Wukoki, an Anasazi settlement, Wupatki National Monument, Arizona, (19)
Wupatki, an Anasazi settlement, Wupatki National Monument, Arizona, (19)

Wupatki National Monument, a region with several Anasazi settlements, Arizona, (19)

Y

Yellow Jacket, an Anasazi settlement, Montezuma Basin, Colorado, (19)

Yucca House, an Anasazi settlement, Montezuma Basin, Colorado, (19)

Yuma, an Indian tribe, Arizona, (15)

Z

Zia, a tribe of Pueblo Indians, New Mexico, (1)

Zuni, a tribe of Pueblo Indians, New Mexico (1)



Sam Osmanagich, Ph.D., Bosnian-born US citizen, author, researcher and businessman. Anthropology Professor at the American University in Bosnia-Herzegovina and foreign Member of the distinguished Russian Academy of Natural Sciences with dozens of Nobel Prize winners in its membership. Discoverer of the Bosnian Pyramid complex in central Bosnia in 2005. Member of the Archaeological Society of Alexandria. Author of 12 books about ancient history and pyramids. Renowned pyramid researcher on five continents. “Almost everything they teach us about the ancient history is wrong”, has become his famous lecture-opener.

Author and narrator of the 12-episode documentary “Search for the Lost Civilizations” based on his book *Civilizations Before the Beginning of the Official History* and filmed in Peru, Easter Island, Bolivia, Costa Rica, Mexico, Germany, France, UK, Malta, Bosnia, Egypt, Lebanon and Jordan. He claims that “Ancient megalithic sites can be understood only if viewed through the physical, energetic and spiritual realms at the same time”.

This is the key to understand the mysterious Anasazi civilization as well.

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